THE
ETON COLLEGE HUNT

JOHN A. SEAVERNS

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To

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THE
ETON COLLEGE HUNT.

T. C. GOULDSMITH (*Master* 1921–22).

THE
ETON COLLEGE HUNT

A SHORT HISTORY *of*
BEAGLING AT ETON

BY

A. C. CROSSLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. ROBERTSON

WITH
CONTRIBUTIONS ON HARE HUNTING
BY COLONEL ROBERTSON-AIKMAN,
MAJOR FISHER, MR. G. H. LONGMAN,
MR. HOWARD-VYSE AND OTHERS

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PREFACE.

THERE seems to be no real reason for writing a Preface to this book except for the purpose of thanking the many Old Etonians who have given me their assistance in its production. At the same time I should like to take this opportunity of explaining that, when I began compiling this record of the Eton College Hunt, it was mainly for the purpose of amusing myself during the intervals of school work, football and beagling in the Michaelmas Half of 1921, and it was not until the book was nearly finished that I became bold enough to imagine that it might be of interest to others who, like myself, have hunted the hare on the ploughs of Dorney and Datchet.

I am only too conscious of the inadequacy of my own work, but, in spite of its defects, I hope that this short history of a pack of Beagles which has been in existence for 64 years, and which has given their first experience of hound lore to so many eminent amateur huntsmen, may be of some interest to Etonians past, present and future.

I then decided to enlarge the original scope of the book by obtaining contributions from recognized authorities on the various aspects of Hare Hunting. I have added these in the shape in which I received them as Part II., and I must thank COL. ROBERTSON-AIKMAN, MAJ. FISHER, MR. G. H. LONGMAN and MR. HOWARD-VYSE for their great kindness in giving me their help.

I would also like to thank MESSRS. LONGMAN for their kind permission to include Ch. III. of Part II. which has already appeared in the ' Hare ' volume of the Fur and Feather series published by them: MESSRS. ARNOLD for their kindness in allowing me to give a story of Rowland Hunt; MRS. GRAZEBROOK for lending me the diaries and photographs of her father, EDWARD CHARRINGTON; and COL. MEYSEY-THOMPSON for the loan of his diary and for his many letters which have helped to throw light on an otherwise dark period.

A. C. CROSSLEY.

ETON, *December* 1921.

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THE ETON COLLEGE HUNT.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE OPPIDAN BEAGLES.

It was a manly country-loving boy who first undertook the task of introducing Beagles to Eton; a boy, versed in the etiquette of hunting and devoted to a healthy open air life, who loved a horse and who loved a hound, fond of music and fond of dancing, who spent every moment of daylight in cultivating the instincts of a clean country-bred Englishman.

Edward Charrington is unfortunately dead. He died in 1894, but he left behind him a diary of his last two years at Eton, and in this he gives a lucid account of how he initiated the Beagles. He acted on a sudden inspiration. Within a week he had actually got together subscriptions and purchased two couples of beagles. But it is better to give the story in his own words, in extracts from his diary:

"*Monday, Jan. 18th*, 1858. Thought of getting up some Beagles.

"*Tuesday, Jan. 19th*. Got up £7 10s. for the Beagles.

"*Thursday, Jan. 21st*. Ran with Lawless and Hussey. Beagles. Bad run.

"*Saturday, Jan. 23rd*. Went with Vyner after 12 and bought two couples of Beagles. There were eight to choose from. We tried them all in a field. Gave £3 a couple for them. Ran a drag after 4, of four miles. I am huntsman, Johnstone *mi.* whip."

All this is clear enough except the mention of Lawless and Hussey. Charrington's pack was undoubtedly the nucleus of the Oppidan Hunt which existed till its amalgamation with the College Pack in 1866. But Lawless and Hussey kept a few Beagles at the same time. The present Lord Cloncurry,

Valentine Lawless at Eton, has given me the following account of his Beagles and how they originated.

"I shall be glad if I can help in facts for your book about Eton and the Beagles, but after a lapse of more than sixty years it is not easy to write from memory without notes. Keeping dogs was an offence under strict school rules, though the rule had been often broken, and in Oct. 1857 or Feb. 1858 Dr. Goodford, who was then Head Master, invited me to breakfast at his house and to talk over the question of 'Lower Boys frequenting Tap.' As you know, 'Tap' was a private room in a public-house beyond Barnes Bridge where beer and mutton chops were served, and where drinking the 'Long Glass' and other time-honoured customs were maintained.

"Dr. Goodford proposed that, if I (as Captain of the Boats) would put up a notice in Tap, 'that no Lower Boys be admitted to this room,' he would withdraw the rules against dogs so far as to authorise the College Beagles and he would give recognition and assistance. My notice remained on the wall in 'Tap' for thirty years, it may be there now for all I know. As Captain of the Boats, I became nominal Head of the Hunt, but I was a bad runner, and a long-legged boy named Hussey, stroke oar of the 'Victory,' became the real Master and Huntsman of the first *official* Beagles. Before that time, Beach in 1854, and Charrington later, had kept a few couples."

Col. Meysey-Thompson of Westwood Mount, Scarborough, has given me most of my knowledge regarding Charrington and the rival pack of Lawless and Hussey. He says in one letter:

"I have a hazy idea that Hussey had three or four Beagles, but he did not do much with them. Nor did in fact Charrington or the Edwards' (a third rival pack about which I know nothing). They pottered about with them, though Charrington's pack was a little more pretentious. But they were not recognised by the Masters of Eton; only about seven or eight of Charrington's personal friends knew that they existed.* It was some time before the Beagles were allowed, and I can remember conversations that took place with Balston before they became a permanent institution."

Again in a letter to the late Vice-Provost (F. H. Rawlins) in 1899 Col. Meysey-Thompson says:

"Although Charrington kept a few rather nondescript hounds in 1859 (and 1858), they were not really looked upon as a school pack, and had not much more title to this description

*As a matter of fact this is incorrect. The actual number of subscribers in 1859 was 58.

than those kept at the same time by another boy 'Edwards,' both packs hunting anything and being taken out just when the whim of their owners seized them. Charrington's, however, were undoubtedly the nucleus of the present hunt. I remember one hound he had that towered over the others, and was so very much faster that he always had a short belt buckled round his neck somewhat to assimilate his pace to that of his comrades, but even then he was usually about a quarter of a mile ahead."

In another letter he writes: "The fact is that in the early years—certainly up to 1861—it was a rather scratch affair. 'Joby' acted very often as huntsman or whip, and those who were so called 'whips' scarcely received a formal appointment at first, but had the whips handed over to them at the meet."

W. T. Trench, the Master in 1862, wrote to the late Vice-Provost a letter in which he questions Charrington's position as the first Oppidan Master. I quote from his letter, but I think his evidence is overborne, and that there is little real doubt that the Eton Beagles owe their existence to the zeal and enthusiasm of Charrington and his College contemporary, R. H. Carter (about whom more anon). He says:

"The *Eton College Chronicle* which you sent me woke up many memories of the good old Eton days. I think the *Chronicle* is wrong as to Charrington having been the first Oppidan Master. The present Lord Cloncurry (then Valentine Lawless) and Hussey got up Beagles in 1858. I don't think there were more than two or three couples. Charrington's was a rival pack. He and his supporters hunted *sub rosa*. No one except a few privileged ones knew where they met. Lawless and Hussey were high up in the School then, Charrington and his lot much lower down."

On more than one occasion Charrington combined forces with Lawless, sometimes with considerable success. The combined meets attracted a big Field, which proved that the interest in the Beagles was rapidly growing. Here is an entry from Charrington's diary:

"*Tuesday, 9th of Feb.* 1858. Wh. Hol. I bought a hare. Got her from Ipswich and joined packs with Hussey. Met at Sanatorium and turned her out; over a hundred fellows out. Hussey hunted the hounds. Ran her to Chalvey and lost her there."

But, whatever the footing of Lawless and Hussey, it is to Charrington that we owe the Oppidan Beagles. His was a subscription pack of 8½ couples of hounds. His subscriptions in 1858 we do not know, but his 1859 funds amounted to no less

than £52 10s. Thus the hunt was placed on a sound business footing.

Considering the inconveniences, the sport was apparently good. There were terrible difficulties. There used to be Chapel at 3 o'clock for all, and after 12 was too short altogether for a pack of Beagles to wear down a hare.

Col. Meysey-Thompson writes:

"It should not be forgotten what a very limited time we had in which to reach the kennels, get the pack out, find a hare, return with the hounds to the kennels (the Master and Whips), and be 'changed' and either in school or Chapel by 3 p.m.—missing our dinners sometimes. When there was 'Absence' it was worse, for we had to be there, and I remember on one occasion Balston finding fault because so many boys were late for Absence, and I pointed out to him that we the Whips were there, although we had had to go to the kennels, a long distance out of the homeward path, so that the others should have been there too if they had hurried up. He accepted this plea. We never got out of school till 11.45, and were supposed to be at dinner by 2 p.m. In the afternoon when there was 'short' Chapel we did not get out of Chapel till 3.20, had to change and have one run and be in by lock-up, which of course was early. I sometimes wonder how we did it, when perhaps we had run very nearly to Maidenhead. It was the getting back which was the crux."

The pack was kennelled near the Dorney Road beyond the Sanatorium, the kennel huntsman being Alf Joel, Joby Minor as he was called. There is always a Joby at Eton, and this one undertook the duties of kennel huntsman. Charrington used to give him various sums of money (he had no fixed salary), for which he fed and housed the hounds.

Charringon's Beagles hunted anything; a bagged fox, which resided at the kennels "within earshot of the musical harmony of his relentless pursuers," an occasional bagged hare; innumerable bagged rabbits, which invariably met with untimely ends; a drag, usually a hare-skin, and anything else which presented itself.

Here are some extracts from his diary which illustrate the character of the sport:

"*Thursday, 28th Jan.* 1858. Went out hunting with the Beagles. Very good run. Found a rabbit and killed. Finished at Salt Hill. Went in there and refreshed ourselves.

"*Saturday, 6th Feb.* Went out before breakfast with the Beagles and found a hare but did not kill it. Met at Philippi.

One dozen rabbits came for sport. We turned them out and killed them. One ran into the river by Upper Hope.

"*Thursday*, 18*th Feb.* Stayed out. The Beagles met at the Iron Bridge over Chalvey. Mitchell *mi.* gave us a live hare to turn out before them. We turned it out in view and she took us a long round by the gasworks, where a man caught and turned it out again, and we ran it for 30 minutes and lost it by Chalvey Village across the road there. Altogether we ran this hare 55 minutes."

The most interesting development comes a little later. The Masters did not all by any means approve of the institution of Beagles, although they must by now have known of the College pack, which had already existed a whole season. On the 13th of March the following entry appears:

"Goodford sent for me and stopped the Beagles. Didn't care for that. Joined with Hussey after 4, turned out a brace of hares and killed them. One ran into the Cemetery Churchyard and jumped the wall about five feet high. Coming home we saw a weasel up a tree. Soon stoned him down, and after rushing up and down a hedge for some time Modesty killed it. I have sent it to be stuffed."

But the Half was nearly at an end, and it closed without further incident. Dr. Goodford made no further attempt to check the progress of Beagling during the fortnight that remained, either because he imagined that his order had been obeyed or because he was disposed to wink at their existence.

This is what the late Mr. Charles Tayleur of Buntingsdale Hall, Market Drayton, said of Charrington and his Beagles in a letter to the late Vice-Provost in 1899:

"Charrington was at my Tutor's, a friend of mine though a trifle senior, and we used to go hunting with terriers or anything we could find; till it was, I believe, at my suggestion that a few Beagles should be got together, that Charrington adopted the idea. I helped him from the start in conjunction with Johnstone, and afterwards had as coadjutor Chambers and I believe Schneider, but in the early days whipping-in was done by any one appointed that was out. This was certainly the first pack of Beagles, as those started by Lawless were an afterthought on the part of some seniors in the School. We ran a drag to start, and hares when we could find them; but we got into trouble sometimes hunting the latter at first. The first bag-fox we hunted was sent to me from Leadenhall Market by my uncle, the late W. Tayleur of Buntingsdale, and he showed us many a good run—as we kept him pretty fat to prevent him out-

running our small pack. However we eventually lost him in Stoke Park after a good run. I myself saw him crossing the Park, but we had to stop the hounds. The first day we ran him he was taken in the farmyard of a man called Aldridge. I believe that he showed us many a hare afterwards."

There is rather a good story about old Mr. Tayleur of Buntingsdale, who has long since departed this life. He had an old shepherd on his estate, and one day, shortly after he had changed his name from Taylor to Tayleur, he met him in his park.

"What do you call your dog?" he asked. "Wal," replied the shepherd, "ah used to call 'im 'Growler,' but I suppose I shall 'ave to call 'im 'Growl-E-U-R' now."

The 1859 season was a highly successful one. There were, as I have already said, no less than 58 subscribers. The staff was the same, and the names of the hounds are given in the appendix at the end. Ricardo and Lord Parker used to whip in when the regular whips were absent. No more attempts were made on the part of the Head Master to put down the Beagles. Here are some of the best runs:

"*Monday, Feb. 28th.* Met at Athens. In coming to the meet the fox got out of the bag and we could not find him for 1½ hours. Had a most splendid run to Stoke of about five miles, and he went to ground in a hollow tree. We could not find him, but since learned where he was and sent for him.

"*Friday, 11th March.* Met at Easy Bridge. Turned down a fresh untried fox which came from London this morning. I got him from Rebbets, Leadenhall Market. He was very wild and gave us a very quick 2½ miles run to Aldridge's, where the hounds ran him into a pond, and we could not get him out, for he got among some rushes in the middle. At last I offered 10s. to any one who would get him out, and Alf Joel took his coat and waistcoat off and swam in and caught him by the brush and pulled him out."

The sequel to this incident is not so amusing. The fox was so perished by his adventure in the pond that he died the same night in spite of attempts to revive him with brandy before the kitchen fire of a farmhouse.

"*Wednesday, 16th March.* Met at Cuckoo Weir. Had a capital run with the big fox to Slough, where he ran to ground on the railway line about ¼ mile from the station. We could not get him out of the pipe he had run up, and two bull terriers and several navvies were at work more than four hours digging him out. We found a leveret and ran and killed it there. The hounds did not get home till 6 o'clock."

EDWARD CHARRINGTON.

(Founder of the Oppidan Beagles.)

But the run of the season comes as late as Thursday, 28th of March. The entry is as follows:

"Half holiday. Met at Sanatorium. Had a brace of bagged hares. The first did not give us much of a run, but the second gave us a clipper; the run of the season in fact. Ran a ring to Chalvey, to the Sanatorium, away to Slough and Upton Park, where we killed. Vide *Bell's Life* for Sat. 26th."

In this run they joined forces with the College pack for the first time. Two more days they repeated the experiment, and then not again until the amalgamation in 1866. After such an extraordinary run it is surprising that the arrangement was not made permanent, but the fact remains that the packs continued separate for another six years.

Charrington's last run with the Beagles was the climax of his Eton career. Here is the entry in his diary. It will describe better than any words of mine what must have been his feeling of satisfaction at having accomplished a work that was destined to prosper long after he himself had died.

"*Monday, April 11th.* The last day of the season. Met at Philippi. Had a capital run for the wind up and killed our hare in the Field all amongst the fellows playing at cricket."

I wish I knew something about Johnstone, but no information whatever has come into my hands concerning him, except that he was Charrington's principal coadjutor.

In 1860 R. E. Moore was Master, and of him I know very little indeed, except what Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson says in a letter.

"In 1860 R. E. Moore in Sixth Form was Master, and the pack began to be looked upon as a recognised institution, though it was not until the next year 1861 that a regular subscription was made when J. G. Chambers was Master (afterwards so well known as a 'Varsity oar and champion walker and for many years the umpire at the 'Varsity Boat Race)."

Moore actually secured the Head Master's leave to keep Beagles, and henceforward it became an official sport at Eton. Moore had for his only whip Baker *mi.*, who performed the (?) unparalleled feat of winning the School Steeplechase while still in jackets.

All through this period the Beagles were growing in importance in the School. They did not force themselves forward, but almost imperceptibly they began to assume the position they have held ever since. And they continued to prosper during the next three years under the Mastership of J. G. Chambers, W. T. Trench and F. G. Pelham.

Schneider and Senhouse were Chambers' whips, and at the end of the season a presentation was made to him as a testimonial. During the next year W. T. Trench held office with F. G. Pelham and H. M. Meysey-Thompson (now Lord Knaresborough) as his whips. W. T. Trench in a letter said: "We wound up the season with a drag to Maidenhead, when the subscribers very kindly presented me with a silver cup, which I am proud to have on my dining table now."

F. G. Pelham was Master during the following season. He won the Mile and was second in the Steeplechase in 1863. As his second whip he had W. R. Griffiths, the Captain of the Boats. Pelham also had a testimonial presented to him.

I have passed over these three years lightly because little information has come to hand and no anecdotes at all. It is too long ago to expect much, and what I have are merely isolated statements. But in 1864 I am on firmer ground. Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson has supplied me with a diary which contains a complete record of the season's sport. H. M. Meysey-Thompson was Master, and his whips, A. Turnor and S. H. Sandbach, are still alive. There is so much to be said about H. M. Meysey-Thompson that a letter from A. Turnor will not be inappropriate here as giving an excellent and vivid summary of the sport.

"*North Stoke, Grantham.*

"The recollection of the Eton Beagles in 1864 is perhaps more vivid than my recollection of Aeschylus and of Homer. The kennels were on Dorney Common, a miserable and ramshackle construction, and a bagged fox resided within earshot of the musical harmony of his relentless pursuers. Joby Minor, the most artful poacher in Eton, was kennel huntsman, ran with the drag and administered to the comforts of the fox. The hounds, a somewhat unlevel pack, were contributed by the ardent sons of Nimrod who valued more the hunting lore of Beckford, Silk and Scarlet, and such like sporting authors, than anything Greece or Rome could produce in the way of Classics. W. T. Trench and his brother Benjamin, Lord Worcester, Dick Thompson and the writer were notable amongst others who brought hounds, and the Hon. Evelyn Pelham and the present Lord Knaresborough were amongst those who carried the horn. The sport was of the finest, and the climax was reached when hounds found a wild hare, and after a choral service of two hours hunted her to the death.

"On one of those rare but memorable occasions when the writer was handling the hounds, a yokel possessed of no sporting or manly instincts struck the exhausted hare with a spade and hid it in a cart. The huntsman with the aid of his Beckford perceived what had happened, and boldly and determinedly wrested the hare from the yokel and gave it to the hounds, thus fulfilling the loftiest instinct of venery.

"All concerned enjoyed the sport. The hounds obviously, the fox because he knew that he could baffle his pursuers, and the boys because it called for the exercise of skill, sight, intellect and endurance. Above all Joby Minor because he drew a salary.

"It is recorded that on one occasion a beagle entered the schoolroom in Schoolyard of Mr. William Johnson, a kind, eccentric, but very short-sighted Master. Forty voices, gratuitously and somewhat officiously, informed him of the patent fact, causing a requisite but temporary cessation of work. His reply was: 'Stop. I will deal with the intruder.' He seized a large key, gazed steadily and threw it in exactly the opposite direction to the spot on which the unconcerned hound was sniffing the untainted air. Due notice was taken by the class and the Master adequately informed."

During the Mastership of H. M. Meysey-Thompson the kennels were improved considerably, and he presented the pack with the first "copper" that they ever had for cooking the hound food. They had a fairly good season, and some interesting runs are recorded in the diary which has been lent me by Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson. Here is one of the most remarkable:

"*Tuesday, Jan. 19th.* Had a bag-fox. A bright day but a good many clouds about and a splendid scent. Turned him down by Crosse's Farm. Away he went, past the river jump into the road leading to Aldridge's, down which he went to the left till he came to the grass field there, up which he turned to the left through Aldridge's rushy field straight for Dorney, where he was coursed by some greyhounds, but he went away through Burnham Abbey, when he turned to the left to Maidenhead. Here he was headed and turned to the right to the gardens at Burnham (which are about two miles distant from the Abbey), where we lost him. Distance about seven miles. Time, 40 minutes. Crosse was riding, and said it was all he could do to keep up. He said Ferryman and Boscoe led the whole way. We who were running got in about twenty minutes after. Only about twelve out of a field of about forty showed up at the end. We were obliged to get into a cab, as many of us as could, and just got back for absence."

The whole principle of the Beagles before the amalgamation was entirely different from what it is to-day. The pack was privately owned by various boys, who brought hounds from their homes and lent them for the season. It may be of interest to give the names of the hounds together with those of the boys who owned them:

Hounds.	*Owner.*
Rummager, Ruler	Buddicom.
Tapster, Gobbler, Music, Ruby ...	Jones.
Cromwell, *Coic, *Famous, *Chorister	Turnor.
Ryot, Myrtle	Wellesley.
Boscoe, Ferryman, Ranger	R. F. M.-Thompson.
Clara, Crafty, Pilot, Boxer	Wakeman.
Famous	Crosse.
Bellman...	Gordon-Lennox.
Sprightly, Dilligent	Hon. R. C. Grosvenor.
Trueman, Dexter, Music, Trinket ...	C. S. Newton.

Col. Meysey-Thompson says: "Any one lending hounds was entitled to run with the pack without paying any subscription, though some did not avail themselves of this exemption. Only Fifth Form were allowed to run with the pack, but a Lower Boy bringing a hound had the special privilege of accompanying the pack."

H. M. Meysey-Thompson (the brother of the Colonel) was a good runner. In 1863 he won the Hurdles and was third in the Mile, and in 1864 he won the Steeplechase (the ambition of all beaglers) and was second in the Mile. Turnor and Sandbach were also good runners. The best run the Beagles had during his Mastership was in the region of Dorney, where they ran a hare for an hour and five minutes, covering more than six miles. In the end she burst her heart just in front of hounds.

There was a curious and not altogether pleasant incident at the end of the season. A presentation to H. M. Meysey-Thompson was arranged chiefly under the fostering care of a boy named Kennion (now Bishop of Bath and Wells), and he was offered his choice of an oil painting of the pack or of a silver hunting horn. He chose the latter. At the breakfast which was held in honour of the event, W. W. Wood got up, and proposed that it should be made a horn of office instead.

A very warm discussion ensued, and the question was put to the vote and carried, to the chagrin of those who had been chiefly instrumental in raising the subscription. The horn is

*Purchased at end of season by W. Milner (the late Sir W. Milner).

still in existence. A beautiful piece of work it is, with the names of every Master since 1864 inscribed on it. It is now kept on the dining-room table of the house at which the Master of the Beagles boards.

Kennion was a regular follower in those days. It is surprising how many churchmen, and eminent churchmen at that, have enjoyed the sport with the Eton Beagles. Three Bishops to-day, the Bishop of St. Albans, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Bishop of Cape Town, were all keen followers at Eton. M. B. Furse, Bishop of St. Albans, was actually first whip in 1889, while the late Canon E. K. Douglas was one of the most successful of the early Masters. There is scarcely anything so pleasing as to see a parson taking his own line over a hunting country. They are few in number these sporting parsons, but very often they are the best sportsmen of all.

In 1865 C. S. Newton was Master with R. F. Meysey-Thompson as his first whip and E. Royds as the second whip. Royds was a very good long-distance runner, and won both the Mile and the Steeplechase in 1865, while R. F. Meysey-Thompson was a good all round athlete.

I have no records of this season at all, and so must pass it over without comment. The only thing we do know is that near the end of the Half the Oppidans ran a drag to Salt Hill and invited the Master and whips of the College Beagles. It was at this drag that the followers were regaled with champagne and sandwiches, a custom which had become a regular one. And here the amalgamation of the two School packs was proposed. But I will leave the account of this for another chapter.

THE SORT OF DAY WE ALL KNOW.

CHAPTER II.

THE COLLEGE HUNT.

The College Hunt was founded in 1857 by R. H. Carter with J. A. Willis as his whip. It is a great misfortune that from this year until 1863, when the Journal Book was started, we know very little about it. Carter hunted them for no less than three years, which proves at least that he was an enthusiast. His pack consisted of all kinds of nondescript "dogs"; there was no standard of size, and report has it that it included a retriever.

AN OLD-TIME BEAGLER.

The pack was kennelled by one Ward in the Playing Fields, and hunted drags chiefly, but also wild hares when they were found. Sometimes they turned out bagged rabbits. One thing however we do know. They made an agreement with the Oppidan pack somewhere about 1859 by which the Oppidans took the country west and the Collegers the country east of the Slough Road.

The Hunt soon adopted a button with E.C.H. on it. There is a story of Provost Hawtrey arresting one of the whips in the Cloisters and demanding what the lettering on the button was intended to mean. The boy, aghast (for beagling was not allowed in those days), mentioned the letters E.C.H., whereupon the old man, who was not averse to personal flattery, took it to be a compliment to himself as they were his own initials.

One of the runs of 1859 was actually recorded in *Bell's Life*. As I have already noted in the previous chapter the Oppidans joined forces with the Collegers on three occasions, this being one of them.

Carter was succeeded by T. J. Huddleston, and Huddleston by E. E. Witt, who held the hounds for two seasons. Of neither of these do we know anything. But Thackeray, who succeeded Witt, first instituted the Journal Book, which was kept right up to the time of the amalgamation in 1867. I have also been greatly helped by the only two College whips of this period who are still alive, R. V. Somers-Smith and A. A. Wace. Here is a letter from the former which covers this whole period from the season of 1863 to the amalgamation:

"I went to Eton as a Colleger in the autumn of 1862, and first ran with the Beagles in the following spring. Thackeray was then the Master, for which position his chief qualification was a copious vocabulary. We then chiefly hunted drags; only occasionally trying for a hare, never with any success.

"The pack had then been in existence only a few years; they were kept at the lodge at the Slough end of the Playing Fields by Ward, the groundsman, and were a mongrel lot. One or two real beagles, some cast-off harriers, some nondescripts, 'just dogs.'

"As late as 1862 they kept a badger; the brute knew his job and trotted along until overtaken, when he sat down until the field came up. One of the whips carried a sack and a pair of tongs, and the badger was by help of the latter dropped into the former and carried home.

"There was a story against Lewis, one of the whips, that on one occasion the badger took refuge in a useful outhouse adjacent to a cottage, and Lewis was discovered sitting on the sack to prevent the badger escaping this way, making dives at him with the tongs when the badger threatened his legs.

"Lewis was Master in 1864; he was a little Welshman, rather prematurely aged; he was quite a sportsman but a poor runner. I used often to take a whip in his day, but do not think I was in 'office.' A. A. Wace was first whip.

"Lewis went to Merton; rather distinguished himself there as a rider—Merton being then a hunting College—and died suddenly in his room there in 1869.

"In 1865 A. J. Pound became Master. Pound was a remarkable character—intellectually rather below the average, but endowed with some originality and an exceedingly strong will. I have sometimes doubted whether he was quite 'right'; he looked at the world and mankind from a point of view entirely his own, and made no effort to adapt himself to convention of any kind. But he was thoroughly honest and straightforward; the kindest and most faithful of friends.

"He subsequently went to the Bar, the last profession for which he was fitted, was for a time a magistrate in British Guiana, married an American, and latterly fell into pecuniary difficulties and took his own life.

"His eldest son is a distinguished sailor.

"Pound took up the Beagles seriously. He got together quite a decent little pack, and began to hunt hares regularly.

"Our great difficulty was the shortness of the time at our disposal. 'After 12,' the interval between 11 o'clock school and dinner at 2, after allowing for time spent in changing, we seldom saw even an hour's actual hunting. Too short a time for beagles to run down a hare. 'After 4,' from Chapel to lock-up, was little better, especially as hares always made it a rule to run away from home, compelling us often to whip off in order to get back in time. One of my most abiding recollections is that of long trots back from the parts beyond Langley and Slough to get back to Absence.

"Pound adopted a scheme of his own of hunting in the morning. With one or two choice spirits he would arrange that we should be early at the 'Saying Lesson,' then the invariable early school, thus getting away soon after 7.30, run across to the 'Dolphin' at Slough (which stood on the site of Aldin House where old John Hawtrey subsequently flourished), breakfast on beer and biscuits and hunt until it was time to get back to 11 o'clock school. That gave us a good two hours' actual hunting, and we began killing hares pretty often.

"I was Pound's first whip and principal coadjutor for two years, and it nearly killed me! In fact I was sent home in the middle of the Summer Half of 1866 supposed to be threatened with consumption. Tindal and Gosset were whips, and subsequently Armitstead, who was a very fine cross-country runner, and at Oxford an oar of some repute.

Of the 1867 season I have no recollection. I was not allowed to run for reasons of health, and I cannot even remember the name of the Master; possibly this was the year of amalgamation."

Here is the first run recorded in the Journal Book:

"The E.C.H. met for the first time this season at the kennels. There was a large muster. The hounds were laid on in a wheat field of Gough's adjoining the S.W.R. and ran at a tremendous pace down the grass meadows, crossing the S.W.R. and into Datchet plantation, in the plough beyond which a check ensued, which allowed time for the remainder of the field to get up with hounds. Some cold hunting now ensued, but hitting the scent off in one of Cantrell's fields near Ditton Park they carried it at a great pace as if for Langley Church. The pace however was too good, and they ran into him in a field adjoining the London Road.

"After an interval of about ten minutes the hounds were laid on in a field adjoining Ditton Park, and, the scent having considerably improved, it was but few could live with them. The fencing here was very severe, numerous being the purls, and some stiff water-jumps intervened to cool the ardour of gentlemen who were too ambitious of shewing in the front. It was evident from the terrific pace they were now holding that nothing could live before them. And it was not long before they ran into their prey just as he was crossing the Upton Road."

There is a complaint at the end of the field pressing on the pack, "and that there was far more noise than is consistent with the decorum of the hunting field."

Here is a merry account:

"The running of the hounds could be seen all the way from Riding Court up to the Langley Road, and it was pronounced by all to be faultless. While a drag was being sent back two fields were drawn blank. The hounds, having been laid on, ran from Langley Broom down to Datchet Wood. The way in which they swung their own casts was the admiration of all beholders. 'Hark! forrard!' was again the cry as they bowled like marbles over the crest of the hill, making the welkin ring with their melody. When in the bottom they bent to the left; each hound scoring to the cry, as with the pack at her heels puss sought the friendly coverts of Ditton Park, having crossed the line which the drag had taken in full sight of the hounds. The huntsman and first whip, kindly assisted by Mr. Lewis, soon got the hounds out again. Home was now the word, and home we went after genuine sport, the field declaring that the only doubt was which was the better run of the two."

The Beagling Book of this period abounds in quotations from the inimitable Mr. Jorrocks.

> "Better to rove in fields for health unbought
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,"

is a very true maxim, and Lewis has very aptly applied it to Beagling. Even as early as Thackeray's season, however, they killed one wild hare after a good run. But a drag was the usual order, and it was poor sport really for boys especially because hounds ran as if glued to the scent. Occasionally this was varied with a rabbit, but just as the hare almost invariably escaped, so did the rabbit almost invariably succumb before two fields had been crossed.

Of course the great handicap was time. But the letter which I have already given has shown the immense difficulties in this respect. What enthusiasm was required to surmount them all and to carry on as they did!

All the accounts of the College Races are also included in the Journal Book. There was an unpleasant incident at the end of the season which may as well be recorded just to show how to deal with people who are not gentlemen.

"It was much to be regretted that several 'gentlemen,' who in no way contributed to keep up sport, thought it necessary to make remarks which only showed their ignorance of the art of venery, and complained of there being no sport for their adequate remuneration for subscriptions. Their subscriptions were returned, and, extraordinary to relate, the E.C.H. still existed. These gentlemen (?), like the 'London Brigade' with the Queen's Hounds, were generally if not always choked off at the first check, and, if there was no check, were indeed 'lost to sight' but not 'to memory dear.'"

And here is the obituary notice of a really kind and pleasant farmer, Mr. Gough of Datchet. A sporting farmer is a treasured article in any country, and when one dies the Hunt sustains a serious loss. This Mr. Gough had been particularly good to the E.C.H.

"The E.C.H. has much reason to regret the loss of Mr. Gough, a tenant farmer, who by his sportsmanlike conduct conduced in no small measure to the prosperity of the Hunt. On his land a sure find might be anticipated, and bagmen were unknown commodities. By his example several of the surrounding farmers were induced to open their lands to the E.C.H., and, though a lawn meet was not often the fashion, Mr. Gough's hospitable house was never drawn blank for beer and luncheon.

The 'Gough breakfasts' in the Lent term afforded many a pleasant recollection for dreary after fours, and his tales, though generally 'twice told,' were rarely tedious."

H. J. L. B. Lewis was Master in 1864 with J. B. Wood, A. A. Wace, who is still alive, and R. V. Somers-Smith as his whips. Here is a letter from Mr. Wace which describes the sport with admirable vivacity:

"The Master of the College Beagles in 1864 was Lewis. He rejoiced in five Christian names; three, really surnames, indicated Celtic origin, of which he was very proud. Though of a short sturdy frame his lungs were not so good as his heart, as an early death at Oxford showed; and being slow over plough he left much of the field work to his long-legged whips. Lewis had learned how to handle hounds in kennel and field in Wales, and he gave us a very happy season with his knowledge, generosity and good temper. We had, if I remember right, five or six couples; dwarf harriers, rather than the beagles of Sussex; though there was one true to the latter type which generally did as well at a bad check as Lewis did. They were kennelled at Ward's Lodge on the Datchet Road. We hunted, I think, three days a week, and our country extended from Salt Hill and Cippenham to as far beyond Datchet as the calls of hall or lock-up allowed us to get. After we had got our little pack and our lungs into some training by following drags we took to hares, but without much success except for exercise. Agar's Plough and Cippenham were always good draws; but we rarely killed, for Ditton Park, lying in the centre of our country, was too convenient a sanctuary. It had its advantages, however, for us as well as for the hares, as we learnt to bless it as an excuse for being late for hall or lock-up. We could so often honestly say that we had lost time in getting hounds out of the Park coverts; and that seemed to please the Master in College; for, as he often told us, its ducal owner was his wife's cousin. Hounds, then often disappointed, required blooding with a bagged hare or rabbit, neither ever giving a decent run; and I disliked the job all the more because Sussex had shown me a better way of using beagles for rabbits; and I thought of the hours spent with my gun in a ride while real beagles hustled rabbits round and round a big wood. Tiring perhaps of these 'bags' we yield to a suggestion, made I think by Joby Minor, that a badger would give us more fun, certainly more scent, and would always live to fight beagles another day.

"It was bought and did give us some fun at first; but this palled because the badger soon realised that it could save its

skin without so much exertion as a long run over heavy ground. It used to make for a long coppice beyond the Datchet Road, and when the pack ran into him there he would run up and down immune, and finally run quite kindly into the bag in which he had left his pleasant quarters at Ward's Lodge. He also developed a natural love of drains; and thereby hangs a tale, memories of which seem to discredit Joby Minor. Our badger had found a drain under the S.W.R. a nicer refuge than even that wood, and so Joby was ordered to stop it before unbagging the badger out that way. One 'after twelve' we had a merry run up to that drain but found it stopped. Hounds swore badger was inside; Joby swore he had stopped it; and suggested that finding this the badger had got out to the metalled line one way or the other, leaving on that no scent. It was dangerous to test this, and, casts on the fields either side failing, we drew off homewards. On the run back suspicions seized us, and two of us undertook to shirk hall or cut it short and run out again to that stopped drain before Chapel. Joby was right, but very wrong too! He or his understudy *had* stopped the drain, but not till the badger had been allowed to run in! He unstopped it when we were safely gone, and the badger had walked into its familiar bag. Had we two not met him just leaving the line he would probably have tried to sell us that badger the following week! I still cannot think unkindly of Joby when I recall the humour of this incident; or think of the Beagles of 1864 and of many friends who followed them, of whom two later on—Frere and Somers-Smith—ran for Oxford over shorter distances than we covered."

Lewis was famous for his Rape of the Block, which was restored to the Head Master in 1891. The Block, as all Old Etonians will know, is used by offending boys to kneel on during the process of being swiped.

About this time the kennels underwent some improvement. "A new room was added, a new palisade raised and the brick pavement laid down. The appearance of the whole was workmanlike and neat, but not gaudy, reflecting credit on Mr. Martin, the carpenter."

"Con—found all 'ares wot takes to parkses" (*vide* Mr. Jorrocks) was very appropriate to their country with Stoke Park and Ditton Park in the middle of it as tempting places of refuge for a sinking hare.

On one occasion in Lewis's season he was favoured with a visit.

"Wednesday, St. Matthias' Day, *dies creta notandus*, the

great Pomponius Hego and Scrutator, known as having long held a proud position in the first flight of the E.C.H., leaving the 'Shires' favoured the provinces with their presence. Thackeray and Moore brought down a hare from Oxford, which Pound turned out at Queen Anne's Spring."

The sport, however, on this occasion was not good, "every inch of scent being trodden out by gentlemen who seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion." This season ended after rather unsatisfactory sport. In Lewis's case 'the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak,' and he frankly owned that his running powers did not enable him to prove a capable huntsman. Ichabod, Ichabod.

But Pound got together a much better pack. His season has already been so well described by Mr. R. V. Somers-Smith that it is unnecessary for me to add anything. Pound seemed in all his accounts to have been completely dissatisfied with the world in general, for he scarcely ever praises anything in his records, and he speaks of almost everything in embittered terms.

On one occasion a hare was put up at 10.45, i.e. a quarter of an hour before school. The huntsman and whips returned to school while the hounds went on by themselves and killed their hare, which was stolen by and afterwards recovered from a sweep. This was only the third occasion on which a wild hare had ever been killed by these hounds.

One day the hounds joined with the Prince's Harriers, and the Prince and his retinue passed close by and inspected the little pack, "*no doubt* with an admiring eye!" The unlevelness of the pack may be shown by the measurements taken on March 25th, 1865:

Abigail - -	19″	Jargon - -	16½″
Rouser - -	18″	Affable - -	16″
Valiant - -	17½″	Wellington -	16″
Pliant - -	17″	Rattler - -	15¾″
Smuggler - -	16½″	Dainty - -	14½″

This was by far the most successful season the E.C.H. had ever seen.

So much for the College Beagles. It is to be wondered at that at this time there should have been two packs of beagles in the school, but it was about then that the differences between the Collegers and the Oppidans were one by one abolished. The amalgamation of the Beagles was almost the last of these

reforms, and some account of it will be given in the next chapter. It was quite natural that the attempts to introduce beagles should have begun in an unofficial and semi-organised manner. But the pack in the time of Pound was very different from that of Carter. Just as the Oppidan pack had been brought to a respectable standard, so had the College pack; and it only remained for the amalgamation (hideous word!) to establish hunting at Eton on a very firm basis.

GOOD-NIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

THE AMALGAMATION.

The idea of amalgamating the College and the Oppidan packs of Beagles was first mooted in 1864, but little came of it, probably owing to the reluctance of College to renounce the undoubted advantages which it possessed. A. J. Pound, the Master of the College Beagles in 1865 and 1866, was opposed to the scheme for reasons which he has shown in the Journal Book of the College Beagles (pp. 223, 224). Towards the end of the season of 1864, on March 16th to be exact, the Oppidan Beagles invited the Master and Whips of their neighbours to their annual drag at Salt Hill, where they partook of refreshments, liquid and solid. During these Mr. E. Royds arose and proposed "That the two packs be amalgamated." These are the words which A. J. Pound has written in the Journal Book, and which adequately express his view of the proposal:

"Mr. Pound seconded the motion, though much against the grain. It may be well to make a few remarks here showing the advantages and disadvantages. It may as well first be mentioned that it is almost a settled thing that the two packs be amalgamated next year. The advantage of this arrangement will be entirely on the side of the Oppidans, the increase of country enabling them to hunt every day of the week, and good kennels in lieu of their present ones. The disadvantages on the side of College, inasmuch as the subscription being so much heavier than the present one, none will care to join who do not try to 'run to hounds,' and in all probability none, Colleger or Oppidan, who cannot 'run to hounds' will be allowed to join. The great amusement of the Easter Half will be snatched away from College, and we fear loafing will increase in a double proportion. Still it is to be hoped that Collegers will try and

hold their own against the Oppidans in the amalgamated field, and we think all must see that this step is a necessary one and cannot be prevented now that the amalgamation has proceeded so far and Collegers are admitted to all the races. College must go with the age, for the age will not go with College."

The College Beagles had only two more days hunting and then Pound closed the Journal for the season in the following way:

"May the E.C.H. never amalgamate, may the E.C.H. never enjoy worse seasons than the two last, are the fervent prayers of Mr. Pound, who with deep regret resigns his post of Master to Mr. Armitstead."

The obvious reluctance of Pound to amalgamate and his bitter phrases regarding the whole proposal certainly seem strange to us who live in days when there is little if any difference between Collegers and Oppidans (except brains). Perhaps he was angry at being, so to speak, "cornered" at the Salt Hill refreshment table. Probably he was in a false position. In 1864 the Collegers had been admitted to all School races, and so were scarcely in a position to refuse flatly what was simply a request of the Oppidans. In his entry many of his remarks seem somewhat lacking in common sense. If there was an increase of country for the Oppidans surely the same applied to the Collegers. Again it appears selfish to grudge the Oppidans the use of the kennels, especially when the combined pack would obviously be much improved by hounds from the Oppidan pack.

Indeed his only real grievance seems to be that many Collegers would not be allowed to run with the beagles and that others would not be willing to do so owing to the increased subscription. There seems to have been at the time a desire to keep the field very select, a membership of only seventy boys being allowed. Perhaps the Head Master objected to many boys being allowed to run. Or again perhaps the Masters considered themselves unable to control a larger field. But it is at least peculiar that as large a field as possible was not encouraged to run with the beagles. It would have meant a larger subscription, and consequently a better pack and better sport. As it was, however, the subscription was one pound, and only twenty boys from College were admitted by the terms of the treaty drawn up later in the year. This treaty we shall append shortly.

Even allowing this to be a grievance, it seems surprising that Pound should oppose what seemed a most desirable object. Obviously the amalgamated pack would be better run and would

in all probability show better sport. Moreover, Collegers and Oppidans were growing more and more friendly every year. Already nearly all the differences between the two sections had been abolished. It almost looks as if Pound wished that they still existed. "College must go with the age, for the age will not go with College." It is a sentence which might mean almost anything. The Oppidans had received the Collegers into all their sports, and yet the latter do not seem to have welcomed the change.

The next development of the proposal appeared in the *Chronicle* of Nov. 22nd of the same year (1866). Here the leading article was devoted to this purpose, and this is too important not to be quoted in full. Without it, the proposal might, and probably would, have been allowed to "drop unnoticed" perhaps for a considerable number of years. After a few preliminary remarks, it goes on as follows:

"Now we may as well begin by stating that our suggestions refer principally to an idea which has been started before this, but has been allowed to drop again unnoticed, although we must say we think the idea a most felicitous one to all parties whom it concerns. We refer to the idea once brought forward, of Oppidans joining their beagles with those of the Collegers—a plan which we think would tend greatly to further and increase the harmony and goodwill that we are happy to say at present exists between these two essential parts of one school. We all know that combination is strength, and we have been delighted to watch the gradual admission of Collegers into all the privileges and sports of the Oppidans, beginning with the amalgamation of Lower Club and Lower College at Cricket, the admission of Collegers into the VIII., which occurred the same year, and lastly the admission of Collegers into 'the Field' (one of them having been no insignificant member of a wonderfully good XI.) and into all the sports and races which have hitherto been open exclusively to the Oppidans. We have therefore one other arrangement to propose, which, if duly carried out, will complete the bond of unity and harmony between us, and will also, we have no doubt, give universal satisfaction, viz. the amalgamation of the Oppidans' and the Collegers' packs. Its advantages, we think, must be apparent to all; and we defy its most strenuous and determined opponents, if indeed any such exist, to find any good grounds for defence. We should have all the advantages of a far larger extent of country to hunt over; and that, if some of the farmers are going to be as reluctant, and we might almost say as disagreeable, as last year, would be no inconsiderable gain

to our hunt.* In a word, more country, more friends and more good-fellowship are the three leading features of the new scheme of amalgamation that we are proposing.

"Again we would venture to suggest that, as in due proportion to the school Oppidans would compose at least three-fifths of the subscribers, the huntsman should be an Oppidan and the first whip a Colleger; while the other whip should, we think, be either a Colleger or an Oppidan according to merit, just as there happened to be one or other really fitting for the office.

"We think then that we have thus shown the great advantages derived from amalgamation; and we hope that we have sufficiently convinced, not only those who have a hand in the management of all these things, but all our readers, that what we have here recommended is the right thing to do. We would conclude by venturing to hint that the 'Master,' whoever he may be, should be decided on as soon as possible, as there is much to be done this Half, especially if amalgamation is really brought about. Arrangements will doubtless have to be made for kennels that will suit both parties (though we suppose that the old kennels will be just as convenient for Collegers as ourselves); needful repairs have to be executed, farmers consulted; various other necessary requirements attended to."

Of course this leader was written by an Oppidan. But nevertheless, it seems to place before the School the true facts of the case, and to show that the proposal was much to be desired and would eventually prove a benefit to both parties. Besides, the leader had yet another merit. It provided a basis for the treaty which had of necessity to be drawn up if the amalgamation were decided on. It suggested that the membership of the pack should be in some accordance with the respective numbers of Collegers and Oppidans. "At least three-fifths" are the words, but they certainly seem to imply that the author considered that a yet larger proportion of Oppidans would be desirable. He also says that, owing to the necessary disparity of numbers, an Oppidan should take the mastership and a Colleger the first whip; while the second whip should be awarded purely for merit.

Such an article as this could not be lightly passed over by those who had a hand in the management of the beagles. There was only a bare month between Nov. 22nd and the end of the

* How interesting to hear of troubles with farmers nearly sixty years ago! The author can definitely state that to-day (season 1921–22) only one field is forbidden to the E.C.H.

school-time. In January 1867 the following entry is to be found in the Journal Book (p. 236):

"*January* 1867. The Beagles have been amalgamated with the Oppidan pack, and the following are the Articles of Agreement:

I. In consequence of the wishes of both parties, it has been resolved to amalgamate both packs of Beagles.

II. No one will be allowed to run who has not paid his subscription.

III. That a board be put up at the beginning of the Easter Half for fellows to enter their names.

IV. That no one below Remove will be allowed to enter, and that the number be limited to 70, Fifth Form receiving the preference.

V. Of which there may be 20 Collegers.

VI. That one pound subscription be paid throughout.

VII. That the appointment (of Master) is in the hands of the Captain of the Boats, who may be guided in his choice by the result of the Steeplechase.

VIII. That when a Colleger is huntsman an Oppidan shall be first whip, and when an Oppidan is huntsman a Colleger is first whip."

Thus did the amalgamation become an accomplished fact. It had been brought about not without some manœuvring and considerable difficulties. Certainly, however, from the rules which we have just quoted from the Journal Book, it seems as if College, as well as the remainder of the School, welcomed the change. "By the wishes of both parties" seems fairly to put the point beyond dispute, even though it was written by an Oppidan, W. C. Calvert.

The terms of the treaty seem eminently just. The suggestions of the *Chronicle* were obviously considered and were to a large extent adopted. The disparity of numbers (50 Oppidans, 20 Collegers) seems perfectly fair on reflection. The clause (VIII.) allowing either a Colleger or an Oppidan to be huntsman, but ensuring that if the huntsman be an Oppidan the first whip must be a Colleger, seems fairer than the *Chronicle's* proposal that the huntsman should always be an Oppidan and the first whip a Colleger. The only peculiarity of the treaty is contained in Clause VII.; that the appointment of the Master should rest in the hands of the Captain of the Boats seems a mistake. Obviously the fittest person to choose the Master was the previous Master. The Captain of the Boats could not have known whether a boy possessed the

necessary qualifications or not. But it does not greatly matter. So far as we know this privilege was never used. Indeed the whole treaty fell into abeyance before very long. The distinction between Collegers and Oppidans grew less and less, and only Clause IV. remained for any length of time. This limit of seventy was finally abolished in 1876. Unfortunately we have no record of the actual members of the E.C.H. after the amalgamation. But we do know that it proved an unqualified success and that beagling became more and more popular from this time onwards.

The amalgamated pack had a good set off in the season of 1867. F. E. Armitstead, who had been first whip of the College Beagles in the previous season, did not, surprisingly enough, become the first Master of the combined packs. Instead he took the first whip, and the more important office was occupied by W. C. Calvert, an Oppidan, who had not held any official position the previous year. During this season the E.C.H. gave up hunting drags, and from this time onwards the hare became the sole quarry. The pack consisted of $1\frac{1}{2}$ couples of College hounds, one hound (Boscoe) from the Oppidan pack, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ couples of hounds which had belonged to neither pack. In addition to these, there were $1\frac{1}{2}$ couples of first season hounds, out of Jargon, by Smuggler, the property of the College Hunt; 2 couples presented by Mr. Calvert, and a couple lent by Lord Mandeville. In all nine couples of working hounds. Jargon and Joyful had both hunted with the pack since 1863, when the Journal Book was first kept. The former was evidently a most remarkable hound. She was a big "black, tan and white" bitch standing $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches. There is a painted photograph of her in the Journal Book (1865), together with A. J. Pound, R. V. Somers-Smith, and another hound Valiant, and, judging from the number of times she is mentioned, she must have been a most reliable bitch with a good nose and plenty of dash.

As has already been remarked, bagged foxes and hares had been turned down occasionally in the previous seasons. Only once after this date was a bagged hare turned down, and this in the mastership of F. Johnstone. The first whip has made an entry in the Journal Book in which he expresses his loathing of this "sport," and his hope that the Master would not provide any more bagged hares. After this date, no bagged hares were hunted, and with the exception of the annual drag at the end of the season the wild hare became the sole quarry.

The E.C.H. in the period after the amalgamation produced some well-known sportsmen, among them such names as the

Duke of Beaufort (then Lord Worcester), Mr. E. P. Rawnsley and Mr. G. H. Longman. Mr. E. P. Rawnsley has written the following long and interesting letter about beagling at Eton in his day, containing a story which shows that even Head Masters are not incorruptible at times:

"When I went to Eton in 1864 there were two packs of beagles, Collegers' which hunted east of Slough Road, and Oppidans' which hunted west of Slough Road. Hares in the Oppidans' country were very scarce indeed, and hunting depended on an occasional bag-fox, which ought to have been tabooed, and a drag, the latter a poor game for us youngsters who toiled along and never saw a hound after first field. The packs were amalgamated in 1866. The Oppidans' pack had been kept up town, very poor kennels and badly done. After the amalgamation the kennels were at the end of the Playing Fields, and more trouble was taken that the hounds were better done. There was no hunting before Christmas, only after, till the end of March. At best the hounds were only a scratch lot, different boys getting their people to keep one or a couple most of the year. I whipped in to F. Johnstone in the spring of 1869; his father, I think, was then Master of what we now call the Derwent, and he knew all about it and was quite good at the game. One whip was an Oppidan, the other a Colleger. I don't think my Colleger had ever been out hunting before, and, as Johnstone expected his hounds turned when he wanted them, I had nearly all the work to do; cracked up in consequence. It was very hard work in those days; we could not start till after Absence, had then to run to the meet, get a hunt and run home again in time for lock-up, never having more than three hours to do it all in, no allowance being made to the whips.

"I remember one day in particular, Johnstone was not out and I was hunting hounds the far side of Langley; we had quite a good run and killed—a great event in those days. Just as we had taken off pads and mask, up jumped a fresh hare, away the pack went with a burning scent, and it was a long time before we could get at them to stop them. It was getting dark, and quite five miles from home, no chance of getting in for lock-up, but we had the hare! So it was duly carried, such an object it looked, without feet or ears and stiff as a stake, and left with our compliments at the Head's house, the clock struck nine as we stood there. I suppose we were all reported for coming in so late, but we never heard anything more. I suppose the hare was a peace-offering.

"In autumn of 1869, I remember, Jack Thompson (Mr. Anstruther Thompson's eldest son), George Wickham and I, all very keen, went to several of the farmers and did our best to get them to keep hares, and we certainly were better off the next year. There were hardly any hares on the Dorney side; beyond Salt Hill and Langley were best, but nowhere good. In those days we never got a day off for a hunt; I only remember one, to Oakley Court, where we were most hospitably entertained but had a blank day. When at Eton last June I had a look at hounds and kennels. Very different from old days, kennels roomy, airy and clean, and hounds with a nice bloom on them ready to go into work when wanted."

Another well-known name is that of Lord Derwent, who as Francis Johnstone was master in the same year that E. P. Rawnsley was second whip. In a letter he gives a short record of his beagling career at Eton from the time that he became a whip.

"In 1868 I was second whip to Walter Calvert, Armitstead, K.S. being first whip. The amalgamation of the two packs had taken place, and an arrangement made, I imagine, that a Colleger should always be on the hunt staff. In the following year, 1869, I was master, Browne, K.S. was first whip, and E. P. Rawnsley, who has only just retired from the mastership of the Southwold after a long and very successful career as huntsman of that pack, was second whip. During the year I ran with the Eton beagles, we had only "after 12" and half holidays to hunt on. So our efforts were limited from the point of view of time, and I do not recollect killing many hares, but latterly no bag-foxes were kept to hunt.

"I paid a visit in the Lent Half of this year to the new kennels, and only wished I was young enough to follow the charming pack on foot as of yore."

The name of E. P. Rawnsley is too well known and honoured to be passed over thus lightly. For forty years he was Master of the Southwold, and he is well known not only in Lincolnshire but in every part of England as one of the most devoted supporters of hunting.

Johnstone's season was better than either of those of W. C. Calvert. But although the latter killed only three and two hares in his two seasons respectively, yet he showed some good runs, and the amalgamation was universally acclaimed as a success.

Before proceeding further it will perhaps be as well to give some account of the country hunted by the E.C.H. at that time. It was bounded on the south by the River Thames and on the

north by the chain of woods from Taplow to Stoke, and by the Great Western Railway from Slough to Langley. It was and is still split into two parts by the Slough Road, across which hares scarcely ever run. On the west side of the country lay the villages of Eton Wick, Dorney and Burnham. This was the country previously hunted over by the Oppidan Hunt, and below the railway at Salt Hill hares used to be very scarce. In the Salt Hill country, however, and up towards Stoke and Burnham, they were much more plentiful. On the east of the Slough Road lay the villages of Datchet, Wyrardisbury (Wraysbury), Horton and Remenham. Most of the country is plough, and what grass there is, lies chiefly on the Dorney side of the country. Near the village of Datchet Ditton Park is situated with its house surrounded by a moat across which more than one E.C.H. hare has swum.

During the ten years after the amalgamation the kennels were at the Black Pots end of the Playing Fields, and Ward, the groundsman who tenanted the cottage and whose backyard took the place of kennels, acted as kennel huntsman. There is no information about this man Ward save that the hounds were kennelled at his cottage until 1876, when Rowland Hunt transferred them to better kennels up town. Here is a letter from Rev. W. Vickers, the brother of one of the early whips:

"It was my elder brother V. W. Vickers (who died in 1899) who was second whip in 1873, with W. A. (Billy) Harford as first whip and Hon. C. Harbord as master.

"The pack were kennelled at Ward's Lodge, at the extreme east end of the Playing Fields, Ward acting as K.H.

"In 1874 Harford was master, with L. Heywood Jones and Hon. E. W. Parker as whips. My brother was responsible in 1873 for the account of sport reported in the *Chronicle*, and was occasionally very riled by the editor, who, like Miss Lucy Grimes, of the 'Swillingford Patriot' in *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, used to correct his effusions by substituting 'puss' for 'hare,' and so on! He hunted the Trinity Beagles at Cambridge for two seasons, succeeding that fine sportsman G. H. Longman.

"Of the School tutors of my day, C. Wolley-Dod, the tallest and thinnest of Masters, was a keen beagler, also my tutor G. R. Dupuis—both of them in long frock coats and top hats. A. Cockshott too was a good friend to, though not a follower of, the hunt; on more than one occasion securing us a bill-day. One of these, I remember, was to Mr. Hall-Say's place, Oakley Court. I don't remember much of the day's sport, but have a

lively recollection of the *lunch*—a spread which made more than one of us feel, when we found our afternoon hare, that there were occasions when the saying '*Fox* hunting on foot is but labour in vain,' applied also to *hare* hunting!

"The pack in my day was like the old-fashioned 'trencher-fed' hunts—the members bringing up in beagle term a hound if they had one, the contribution of a hound taking the place of the one pound subscription. It was wonderful (or so we keen ones thought) the sport such a scratch pack showed.

"One day is impressed on my memory (in Fenwick's mastership, I think), when we 'burst up' three hares! The meet, I think, was Dorney Gate. I forget how two were killed, but the third swam the river near Athens, waited for us on the further bank, and was killed on Windsor racecourse.

"Another little incident. Meeting at the kennels we ran a hare into Datchet Vicarage garden and were gratified to see the Vicar come out of his house, hatless, to join (as we thought) in the chase. But no! his ill-directed energy was *against* the chase, which he forcibly reminded us was a trespass!

"The 'hunt servants' wore no sort of uniforms—merely change coat, knickers and stockings, with House-colour cap and 'muffler.' A little latitude was allowed them as regards lock-up. Just as well! For I remember one day a hare took us nearly to West Drayton!

"Of the first flight in my day no one could come up to C. E. Munro Edwards. I do not think he ever held office, though he afterwards became, with F. Selater, the founder of, and whips to, the Christ Church Beagles, with which I, an outsider (of Magdalen), had the special privilege of running. His wind was simply inexhaustible!

"Speaking of this reminds me of an incident which has nothing to do with E.C.H. beyond the fact that the actors in it were the two whips. My brother and Billy Harford by some means got out of 11 o'clock school in time to meet the Queen's staghounds on their opening meet at Salt Hill. The stag 'took soil' in that pool close to the line, near the present Burnham Beeches station. The two lads manned a boat which they found near the cottage and succeeded in ousting the stag. The Press next day, alluding to the incident, remarked that 'the two young Etonians appeared quite in their element.' Rather amusing, as they were both inveterate dry-bobs and probably never entered another boat during their time at Eton!

"The largest number of hares killed in one season was by F. Johnstone in 1869. The pack was still rather a scratch one,

and did not belong to the hunt, but to individuals. Undoubtedly they had some wonderful runs, but there were still terrible disadvantages, especially as regards time. Moreover, the conditions under which the pack was kept were very unsatisfactory, and Ward made much too much money out of them. There was a subscription of one pound for every one, but there were no facilities such as a hound van."

Perhaps it would be interesting to some to give the accounts of a few of the best runs from the Beagle Books.

"*Saturday, Jan. 23rd*, 1868. *Upton Church.* A hare was viewed away at the further corner of Mr. Nixey's Plough, which as usual made straight for Ditton, but failing to find an open smeuse went away to Riding Court, where she turned homewards. The hounds hunting well followed her with a burning scent, though many doubled some way past Datchet plantation; here a fresh hare being started in her line enabled her to escape dead beat, while the second hare carried the hounds across the L. & S.W.R. to Black Pots and was next seen swimming under Victoria Bridge, whereupon Mr. Calvert amidst great applause swam in and picked her up, and she was given up to the pack. Time, 40 minutes, second hare 20 minutes."

"*Wednesday, March 25th*, 1868. Saw a run which was, alas! the last to many members of the E.C.H., but which was in every way worthy of that renowned hunt. The meet was at the Three Tuns, and a hare was found almost immediately on the left side of the Farnham Road. She gave us a merry spin without a check up to Farnham, where the hounds were brought to their noses, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they regained the line owing to the very dry state of the ground. At last, however, they worked it slowly down to Baylis House across the Farnham Road, where the scent began to improve. The hare then crossed the G.W.R. and ran a ring in front of Mr. Aldridge's farm, and, just as the pack were going to return home, she jumped up a few yards before them; the hounds dashed off full cry past Baylis House across some grass fields up to Stoke palings. Here they turned sharp to the right and at rather a slower pace crossed the Farnham Road and made as if for Britwell. Again they turned for Farnham, near which they were whipped off, as not only time but daylight had failed. Time, 2 hours 26 minutes."

A very good hunting run, as every one who knows the country will agree.

In Johnstone's season the best run was that already described by Mr. Rawnsley; and the incident of presenting the hare to the

Head Master is duly recorded in the Beagling Book. The account of the run ends with the remark: "May the E.C.H. enjoy many such days and many such a finish."

Mr. G. H. Longman writes:

"My mastership of the Eton Beagles extended over the two seasons 1870 and 1871, for in those days there was no hunting done at Eton before Christmas. The kennels were at the end of the Playing Fields, close to Black Pots. The rule was either to subscribe a sovereign or bring back a couple of beagles, and the pack consisted entirely of hounds so procured. Naturally the result was a rather unlevel lot, but they did their work quite well, and I recollect that some hounds brought by one of the Anstruther-Thompsons were about the best we had.

"Two hounds particularly remain in my memory, namely 'Rustic' and 'Rival.' I have in my possession now a coloured photograph of the pack, taken by Messrs. Hills & Saunders, which was presented to me on the completion of my second season of mastership. The occasion was celebrated by a breakfast at the White Hart Hotel in Windsor, and, though the authorities must, I think, have been aware of the fact, they neither took the slightest step to prevent nor resent it.

"F. A. Curry and L. G. Wickham whipped in to me in 1870: G. H. Armitstead and Hon. H. C. Legge in 1871.

"Nobody was allowed off Absence at that time, nor were we allowed to attend that function 'changed.' I used to go, therefore, with a great coat and pair of trousers over my beagling kit. Three Lower Boys were in readiness at my tutor's door, which was just opposite Schoolyard, one to take off the coat, and the other two to haul away each at a leg of the trousers, so that I was able to start off in a twink immediately after I had answered my name.

"Our time being extremely limited we used to advertise a meet at say Langley station for ten minutes after two o'clock, Absence being at two. The kennelman brought the hounds to the meet coupled, and took them home in the same manner. We used always to draw at the double, and if possible coupled up the hounds in time to get back before lock-up, the run home testing our endurance to the uttermost.

"This description of our methods will show how strenuous the work was, but, though we did our best to get back in time for lock-up, I remember very well one occasion when a hare rose in view just as we were about to couple up the hounds. It was out West Drayton way. Off went the hounds in full cry, and we were unable to stop them for something under

an hour, after—among other things—having swum across the Colne. We were an hour and a half late for lock-up, and my tutor, instead of taking a reasonable view of such an unavoidable episode, sent me up to the Head Master. Dr. Hornby was full of threats to stop the whole thing, but finally contented himself with setting me the fifth Iliad to write out, thinking that this would prevent my hunting the next half holiday. I did hunt though, for my method of writing out this Iliad was as follows: taking three pens sloped one over the other I sat up all night and wrote out one-third of it. This I showed up at one o'clock the next day at the Head Master's house, and never heard anything more of the matter.

"The farmers were extremely friendly, and indeed I only recollect one who denied us permission to hunt over his land. The original refusal was probably due to some misunderstanding; but the quarrel had been emphasized by the fact that the beagles had, once or twice, run over his land after permission had been withdrawn. In my two seasons, however, chiefly on F. A. Curry's advice, we strictly respected his decision: with the pleasing result that, I believe, before the commencement of the next season, permission was again gladly given.

"Half a century is a considerable time, and I am sure readers will readily forgive my inability to recall any more episodes of the season 1870–71."

Under the mastership of F. Fenwick a wonderful day's sport was enjoyed on Feb. 22nd, 1872, when no less than three hares were killed within two hours. The meet was at Athens, and a short time before the meet two hares had been seen to swim the river from the Eton side, a striking proof that hares will take to the water even when not pressed. Hounds were taken over the weir bridge and both these hares were killed after short runs, but the hunt of the day was yet to come. A hare was found near Surley, and after a fast ringing hunt of 1 hour 10 minutes was rolled over in the open near Aldridge's. The account of the run ends with the words:

"Thus it was

'From a find to a run,
From a run to a view,
From a view to a kill
In the open.'"

But the good runs are too numerous for selection to be easy, and at any rate there is no great interest in the mere recounting of a run. But this chapter cannot close without mention of the

annual drag to Franklin's, a farmhouse near Bray, where the members of the hunt were entertained with unlimited champagne and sandwiches. Unfortunately this custom was not repeated after the year 1869 for reasons which are not known, but which may easily be imagined.

"AN UNPARDONABLE INTRUSION."

CHAPTER IV.

ROWLAND HUNT AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

The year 1876 was as full of surprises as any that the E.C.H. has ever seen. It was a year of changes, one might almost say of revolution. For ten years the hunt had struggled on since the amalgamation with no very marked improvement in the sport. The pack belonged to various boys. It consisted of hounds of all sizes and shapes. Many things were crying out for reform.

The year did not open with any great promise. None of the whips of the previous season remained to hunt the hounds, and so the office of Master devolved on Rowland Hunt, whose chief qualification was that he was an amazingly good runner. He had never once whipped-in the year before, and is not even mentioned in the Journal Book previous to 1876. But directly the season began, he astonished everyone by the talent and knowledge he displayed. Not only did he prove the most successful huntsman the E.C.H. had ever possessed, but he showed himself to be an organiser of the highest degree. No sooner had he taken over the Mastership than he realised that the hounds were disgracefully kennelled, and that Ward, the kennelman, was making a great deal too much money out of them. He obtained leave from the Head Master to have the hounds removed to kennels at the back of a Turkish Bath in the town. Here he made an arrangement with William Lock, who kept the Turkish Bath. But it is better given in his own words:

"It has been arranged that Lock is to receive £53, for which he is to keep 15 couples of Beagles and do everything for them, in the way of feeding, straw, coal, etc., and that if the Master wishes they should be taken a week before the beginning of the Half to get them in condition. For this £53 Lock's boy takes the Beagles to the meet and takes them back, etc."

At the end he says:

"I have found Lock to be a thoroughly steady, honest man, and I think he can be trusted in anything."

I have mentioned Hunt's dealings with Lock, first partly because Lock entwines himself in the history of the pack from

this time onwards, and partly because the kennels of a pack of hounds are next in importance to the pack itself, and the change of kennels was one of the most important of Hunt's many reforms.

Hunt in his first season killed 15 hares; that is, he more than doubled the record for any previous season (seven hares by F. Johnstone). In his second season he beat his own record by two. These wonderful results were the effect partly of his talents as a huntsman and partly of the way in which he reformed the E.C.H. He was the first to see the need of three whips at Eton. Moreover they (the whips) soon learnt (for Hunt's tongue was particularly caustic and his expressions well chosen and to the point) that they were not out hunting for pleasure. Hunt's tactics were to have one whip wide and forward on each flank, and one with him to stop hounds running heel.

Rowland Hunt has sent me his own recollections of the E.C.H., which I append here:

"When I took the Eton College Beagles, they were kennelled at a house at the end of the Playing Fields towards Datchet. My recollection is that the conditions there were very unsatisfactory, and that the man in charge made far too much money out of them and did not feed them well. I got the then Head Master to have the kennels moved to somewhere over Barnes Bridge, and they were kept by a man named Lock, and, as far as I remember, he did them very well, and I think he took them to the meets. I think we improved the pack considerably by getting fresh hounds, some of which were, I think, obtained from the late Mr. Fellowes of Shotesham Park—about 16 inches—really dwarf harriers, but there was no foxhound blood in them, and they had very good noses and could get along.

"I think the whips knew about as much about hunting as I did, but, as far as I remember, it was roughly the usual way to have one whip somewhat wide and forward on each flank and one with me to stop hounds running heel or a fresh hare. On account of the short time for hunting, we took every possible advantage of a hare and never allowed hounds to potter. We lifted hounds and cut off corners when the chance occurred, but I don't think it was done enough to stop hounds hunting well. We had to run risks, as it was very difficult to catch a hare in the time allowed between Absence and lock-up. I don't remember for certain which was the best country; it is too long ago; but think it was towards Maidenhead. I don't remember any trouble with the farmers, but we got into a deuce of a row with an old gentleman once for killing one of his hares in the

middle of March. It was a long day with Mr. Vidal, and I had to go over on Sunday and apologise to the old boy and he became friendly, but I missed Chapel and had to square the Praepostor—wasn't that the name of the cove who marked you in or out? I think we used to reckon that we went to the meet at about seven miles an hour. May I venture to express the opinion that hunting the hare on foot with 15-inch beagles is real hunting, and real sport, and that the hare has a very good chance of escaping, especially after Christmas? As I dare say you know, a hare is a much more tricky animal to hunt than a fox."

Hunt's personality was amazing. He had a way which carried all before it. He was versatile, and, as well as being a wonderful runner, he was an excellent shot, a fearless rider and a good fisherman. He was, moreover, a keen politician, even while at Eton, and has only just given up taking an active share in the politics of the country.

Hunt was a good rider and used to hunt the Wheatland hounds on Arab horses. Some one remarked that "to see him charging great hairy fences was a sight for the gods!"

At Cambridge one day he saw a mounted farmer. "Hi, you elderly, yellow-bellied oyster," shouted he, "have you seen our hare?" Naturally the farmer was offended, but Hunt smoothed over the difficulty and explained it away by saying that it was one of his most endearing epithets.

And now after not having hunted for some twenty years, he has again taken on the Mastership of the Wheatland hounds. He hunts them himself with two amateur whippers-in.

Hunt was a wonderful runner at Eton. In 1876 he won the Steeplechase with consummate ease, after having lost a shoe early in the race. There was a rule in those days that no one who had previously won a race was allowed to enter for that race next year. Hunt in 1877 started for the Steeplechase in full school dress and finished an easy first, clearing the School Jump at the finish so as not to wet his clothes.

He was slovenly as to his dress, and several stories are told of his appearance. Once he appeared on parade in beagling shoes which he bought from Gane's in the High Street and wore on every possible occasion. He always ran with his shirt hanging out behind, at least his shirt always came out when he ran. He did not care a button what he wore; his clothes were bought merely with a view to respectability and not to smartness. His language was his own; he had a knack of coming out with peculiar expressions, and yet his personality was delightful. In some

mysterious way he smoothed over every trouble. There was only one farmer who gave him any difficulty, and he made friends with two enemies of the E.C.H. On one occasion he disturbed the pheasant coverts of a certain gentleman, who was furious, as was his keeper; but Hunt on going to apologise so touched the heart of the old gentleman that from that time forth he was one of the firmest friends of the hunt. Hunt gives a list of farmers in his time, and his remarks on how to treat them are well worth recording:

" Mr. G. Lillywhite	...	Eton Wick.
*Mr. Lovell ...	...	Eton Wick.
*G. White ...	...	Boveney.
*T. White ...	...	Dorney.
J. Trumper ...	...	Dorney.
*— Twynch ...	...	Cippenham.
*J. D. Chater ...	...	Cippenham.
*A. H. Atkins, Sen.	...	Farnham Court.
*A. H. Atkins, Jun.	...	Chalvey.
*H. Cantrell ...	...	Upton Lea.
*H. F. Nash ...	...	Langley.
J. Nash ...	...	Langley.
*J. Five ...	...	Langley.
R. Talbot ...	...	Ditton.
*S. Pullen ...	...	Horton.
*C. Cantrell ...	...	Riding Court.
Vet. Surgeon ...	...	Datchet.
H. Wells ...	...	Dutchman's Farm.
Slocock ...	...	Upton Court.
*Major ...	...	Langley.
*T. C. Moore ...	...	Upton.

" Great care should be taken about Mr.——, as he is a very awkward customer and an awful snob, and so he must be dealt with very gingerly.

" Those marked * must be called on personally. Game, two pheasants and a hare, *must* be sent to all these farmers annually as early as possible in the football Half. Be careful to address all with an Esq. to their names."

It is such little attentions as these that make the difference between a friend and supporter and an enemy. Hunt instituted this custom of sending game to the farmers, and very successful it proved. It has become a permanent custom, and is regularly observed to this day.

Hunt brought the pack to a much higher standard than it had

ever attained before, and left the foundations of an excellent kennel of hounds. Some of them, as will be seen from the photograph, were somewhat weak below the knees. But it must be remembered that careful breeding had not yet brought the beagle to the standard of to-day. The sport showed was in every way wonderful. The accounts of his runs in the Beagle Book are very entertaining, and his language was as varied as it was appropriate. Some of his best runs are worth quoting. There were so many good ones that selection is difficult. Here are a few:

"*Thursday, March 30th.* The meet was Dorney Gate. We soon found to the left and ran slowly for about a hundred yards, when they settled fairly to her, and positively raced as hard as they could lay legs to the ground to the river. Then, turning to the right, they ran through Taplow Spinney (they had run so fast that only Hunt and Bigge, who had got a good start, were anywhere near them). Then they ran on without dwelling for an instant, and bearing to the left and then to the right they skirted Dorney Village, leaving it on the left, and on nearly to Dorney Gate, where they caught sight of her, and so, instead of returning to her form, she made for some haystacks of Mr. White's, but being routed out of there she made her last effort in the open. But Harmony was too much for her and she was pulled down in the open, after having been run in view for a good half mile. Mr. Fellowes was very quick in getting the hare from the hounds, for which the Master is much obliged. Time, 49 minutes; distance, 7 miles."

The run that follows is typical of Hunt's language:

"We found again after a short time and ran like old gooseberry up to Dorney Village, where she tried to enter a garden, but there being no entrance she turned round and made for the G.W.R., which she skirted almost down to that interesting public called Botham's, where she turned sharp round and made back again to her form. But we had to whip off as it was getting very late. Time, 55 minutes. Having to whip off so many times plays Old Nick with us, but it can't be helped."

Here is an unfortunate incident recorded:

"Just after the beginning of the run, we are sorry to say that Mr. Douglas came a real imperial cropper in charging in his usual determined way a very high stiff piece of timber with a huge ditch on the other side. He was so badly hurt that he had to be taken home in a fly. Hunt only managed to get over the fence by landing on his head on the other side, so it was 'rather a stinker.'"

Referring to a run when C. P. Selby-Bigge had come down for a day's beagling, Hunt says:

"Mr. Bigge showed us that he had lost none of his ancient speed or powers of endurance, and we were delighted to see his gigantic form once more among us."

And after they had killed a hare in the River Thames, he said:

"It was a very pretty sight to see the hounds dash into the river without the slightest hesitation, four or five abreast, headed by the old white bitch Bonnybell."

Here is just one more good hunt:

"*Colnbrook Cross Roads.* We drew the Island blank but found directly we got outside it and ran well along the side of Richings Park, which she threaded and broke again for the Colne, which she crossed and then recrossed, causing very difficult hunting. Then having got some way before us she began a series of tricks enough to puzzle Old Nick himself, but old Limber seemed to understand her dodges, and it was wonderful to see the way he picked out her doubles and then brought the whole pack round him in a second with one of his well-known notes so welcome to hounds as well as huntsman. We went on thus very slowly for some way when luckily our hare got up again and we got on better terms; but we soon got on to some black fallow and they had to hunt every yard and at last to be lifted on to some grass, where they hit it off again and ran nearly back to the plantation, where she turned round and lay down by the Colne. She got up in view, and they ran well for some little time. But getting on to some black fallow again, they could not even own the line, so Hunt lifted them over and they soon took it up on the other side and ran pretty well over a road and round a pretty big field, where we again viewed her, and this time she went decidedly groggy. She ran some way down a road (bless the roads!) and we had a little difficulty, but we soon got on her in a wheat field, where we viewed her, and she had been joined by another hare. This was a bad job, and Hunt felt rather up a tree. However he halloed to inform the fresh hare of our arrival. Accordingly, when they got to the ditch at the bottom, they separated, and Hunt by a great effort just managed to whip them off the fresh hare, and as our old hare had stopped behind a tree, not being able to get over the ditch, when Hunt got over it he found Mr. Portal at the bottom of the ditch (it was about four feet deep), having got hold of the hare, with the pack worrying and tearing at the hare on top of him. The pack also were most of them in the ditch, and we had quite a job to get

ROWLAND HUNT (CENTRE) WITH HIS WHIPS AND HOUNDS.

him out. Why on earth the hounds did not bite him nobody knew, for he wouldn't loose the hare and neither would the hounds, so we had to pull the whole boiling up together. He luckily escaped with a scratch or two, and looked very lovely when he appeared looking rather as if his clothes were made of damp mud. The time was 2 hours 25 minutes. An excellent performance for hounds, huntsman and whips, for not only was the scent execrably bad on the fallows, but the hare was one of the strongest and biggest 'whatever was seen,' as Mr. Jorrocks would say. It was quite the finest hare Hunt ever killed."

E. K. Douglas (the late Canon E. K. Douglas, of Cheveley, Newmarket) closed the Journal Book of this good season with the following remarks:

"This ended the season of 1877, one of which the E.C.H. may be justly proud and which we can hardly ever expect to be equalled. No less than seventeen hares were killed and almost every day we enjoyed a thoroughly good run. We cannot praise too highly the exertions of Mr. Hunt, the Master, to whose wonderful skill and pluck the excellent sport enjoyed throughout the two seasons in which he carried the horn is entirely due. His loss cannot be too deeply deplored, while the E.C.H. owe their thanks to Mr. Portal for his untiring energy in the field.

"Owing to the exertions of Rowland Hunt the pack of 1877 was brought into a most efficient condition, and by judicious selection and drafts the foundation of an excellent pack has been made, which it will be the *duty of future Masters to maintain.*"

One other great reform is due to Rowland Hunt. He realised the necessity of increasing the subscribers, and consequently he obtained leave for 120 instead of 70 boys to run with the beagles. When this limit of 120 became obsolete I cannot ascertain, but no such limit exists to-day.

And now for Lock. Probably he was about the most unconventional kennel huntsman that ever existed. He was short and fat and kept a Turkish Bath in the High Street. How Hunt discovered his capacities for keeping a pack of hounds is a mystery. for he was always to be found in his premises attired in a very brief pair of scarlet bathing drawers.

Lock was quite a character. He grew to have a wonderful knowledge of the country. He seldom went out of a walk and yet always seemed to find his way to the kill. When he was out beagling was the only time when he doffed his bathing drawers and substituted a pair of brown knickerbockers. The hounds were very fond of him. According to up-to-date ideas he did not do them well, but he did his best and kept hounds fairly fit

throughout the season. The kennels themselves were rather a ramshackle construction, and not really fit for housing a pack of hounds. But they were an improvement on the old ones, especially as the hounds only spent three months in the year there; and they were considered sufficient by many capable masters right up to the time when the twin Grenfells, those two great Etonians who as every one knows fell in the service of their

AN AWKWARD MEETING.

country, took upon themselves the task of erecting new and up-to-date kennels.

Rowland Hunt left Eton and went to Cambridge, to do for the Trinity beagles what he had already done for the Eton beagles. There is no greater testimonial to his work at Eton than the fact that crowds of Old Etonians flocked to subscribe to the Trinity beagles directly they heard that he had undertaken the mastership. E. K. Douglas, his second whip, reigned in his stead. From 1876 onwards for the next ten years the sport was consistently good. Hunt had brought the Eton beagles to a higher standard of efficiency than they had ever enjoyed before.

It merely remained for the succeeding masters to keep up this standard, which, it can be asserted with truth, they have not failed to do.

Douglas was remarkable for his versatility. Few Etonians can boast the honour of having had such a career at Eton as he. Senior keeper of the Field, Master of the Beagles, and a prominent member of the Cricket XI., is a wonderful record for anyone. Here is a letter from R. D. Anderson, a whip in 1878, which includes one or two interesting anecdotes:

"It is difficult to think of special incidents with regard to the beagles in 1878 when I was first whip, but I enjoyed every moment of it.

"Douglas had a delightful personality, and there was no friction of any sort with farmers or school authorities.

"After a strenuous football season, during which Douglas had been senior keeper of the Field, he was obliged, by doctor's orders, to be rather careful of himself, so that occasionally he had to take a rest from the active duties of huntsman. He was also in the Cricket XI. and got 53 at Lord's against Harrow. I remember on one occasion, when the hounds were about to cross a road, hearing a lady's voice call out 'Stop.' This was not a request to the hounds or the Field, but an order from Her late Majesty Queen Victoria to stop her wagonette, a carriage she invariably used in her drives round Windsor, to allow the hounds to go by without interfering with the sport.

"On another occasion a stag which was being hunted by the royal staghounds crossed a field which we were drawing, and, although we did our best to whip them off, two-thirds of the pack went after the stag, and we did not get them all back for nearly a fortnight. Only a few months ago I was interested to discover that quite accidentally I had originated the jacket now adopted by the hunt. I never could run unless thoroughly warm, and upon asking Denman & Goddard what was the thickest material they could suggest I ordered a velveteen Norfolk jacket, which I still possess."

Douglas went into the Church and, I am sorry to say, died about a year ago; he rose to be a Canon and lived at Cheveley, near Newmarket, respected and revered wherever he went.

Invitation meets were always a joy in those days. Once or twice every season the E.C.H. used to meet outside their own country at the invitation of various hospitable people. One of the most favourite of these meets was at Wooburn Green, where a certain Mr. Gilbey lavished hospitality on the master and whips and a few kindred spirits. This particular meet was famed for

its luncheons and its hills, two delights which it will at once be seen are scarcely compatible with each other.

Douglas was terribly handicapped by the weather, which was execrable, at least so far as hunting was concerned. Dry winds and a clear sky prevailed throughout the month of March, with the result that very poor sport was shown during the latter part of the season. However he killed eleven hares, a number by no means to be despised when there is only the Easter Half to do it in. He entered in the Beagle Book what must have been some excellent advice to new masters. Some of the previous masters were flooded with useless hounds as a result of advertising for them in the *E.C.C.*,* for in those days few of the hounds actually belonged to the hunt, and even those few were not kennelled at Eton in the non-hunting months, but were walked by different boys at the request of the Master.

Douglas says: "As regards hounds, it is best to insert a notice in the *Chronicle* at the end of the Football Half to the effect 'that the Master will be glad to have back any hounds (not belonging to the E.C.H. itself) which were *regularly hunted* to the end of last season,' and if he thinks he will want more, it will be found better for him to ask fellows who, he thinks, know a good hound when they see one, to bring any they can, rather than to issue a general invitation to the school. If he does the latter he will probably find himself overwhelmed with every description of cur under the sun."

There was some discussion as to who should succeed Douglas as master. The present Lord Hawke was approached, but declined in favour of his friend A. H. Beach, who had a pack of beagles at Basingstoke. This is what he says:

"Archie Beach and I were great pals, and on being offered the mastership I said he must take it on as he had a pack of his own at Basingstoke, and would make a much better huntsman. He was an artist at his job, and we had a very good season."

This season, 1879, was remarkable because the officials of the E.C.H. adopted a distinctive dress for the first time. R. D. Anderson, in the letter inserted above, claims that he introduced the brown velvet Norfolk jacket which became the hunt uniform until 1904. A. H. Beach (now Maj. A. Hicks Beach) says that he asked permission of the Head Master for the master and whips of the beagles to wear a brown velvet Norfolk jacket; the remainder of the uniform was not introduced till later, and the pictures of this time give a peculiar impression of an ordinary

* *Eton College Chronicle.*

school cap and muffler, with dark knickerbockers and stockings of very varied designs, with the rather picturesque brown velvet Norfolk jacket as a quite distinctive feature.

Mr. Gerard Streatfeild writes:

"Your letter recalls an excellent season and many happy recollections. The year I was whip (Beach master) the master and whips assumed the velveteen coat as uniform for the first time. Rupert Anderson the *previous* season (master, E. K. Douglas), one of the whips, wore a velveteen coat throughout the season and was duly admired; so much so that Archie Beach copied it for the hunt the next season, and it has stuck. At the end of the season we secured two bag-foxes from (I think) Leadenhall Market. The result was not brilliant, the first getting away from hounds and getting into Stoke Park, which at that time was strictly preserved for game, and we heard a good deal on the matter; the second fox refused to run at all and finally took refuge behind a stable gate in Dorney Village, and I have a lively recollection of being told off to collect him from thence, no pleasant job as he was very nasty; he was returned to his bag, and what his ultimate fate was I fail to remember.

"Dan Lascelles (Hon. D. H. Lascelles) carried a whip most of the season, as Hawke (Lord Hawke) did not come out much as he was anxious to win the School Steeplechase, and thought beagling might make him stale. Hawke was offered the mastership before Beach, but declined the honour and selected being first whip."

On the very first day that Beach took out the beagles a hare began to swim the river with half the pack behind her. She was brought to land by a man in a boat and was killed shortly afterwards.

Beach was one of the few masters who entered in the Beagle Book the names of those who ran well. On one occasion the name of Aikman occurs, now Col. Robertson-Aikman, who has been Master of Foxhounds for five and Harriers for twenty-two years. He won more of the prizes for harriers at Peterborough Hound Show than any one else, and his sideboard is covered with cups.

Of the Eton Masters at this time, Mr. Vidal, Mr. Cockshott, Mr. Marindin and Mr. Bourchier were very kind, the two former on more than one occasion obtaining leave for bill-days, i.e. a bill off boys' dinner and Absence. Mr. Vidal left Eton in 1881, much to the regret of everyone concerned with the E.C.H. A more loyal supporter of beagling at Eton than he could not have

been discovered, and at the end of almost every season's beagling at Eton till 1881 the masters have entered in the Journal Book a special note of gratitude for his support. While he was at Eton he used to go up and judge at horse shows. Once he travelled as far as Chicago, U.S.A., in order to judge the Arabs at a great American show. After he left Eton he retired to Suffolk, where he bred horses till his death in 1909. He had a large family, and one of his daughters is the Dame at Mr. Stone's house to-day.

Once in A. E. Parker's season (1882) a hare went to ground in a rabbit hole and took a considerable time to unearth. This incident happened at an invitation meet near Reading. Two hares had been killed. The account of the day ends as follows:

"Thus ended a most enjoyable day which afforded the best sport we have had this season. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Hargreaves, whose kindness and hospitality was only equalled by that of his son. The weather had been perfection and we returned to Eton charmed with our day, our sport, and our host."

Both Daniel Lascelles and A. E. Parker had remarkable Eton careers in the way of sport. Both were in the XI., the Field and the Oppidan Wall, and both were masters of the beagles for two years. Lascelles unfortunately perished of typhoid in the nineties, but Parker is still living. He was for some time master of the North Warwickshire, and his son was master of the beagles at Eton as late as 1916. No less than four different Parkers held office at different times. This is a good record, but it has been equalled by that of the Ward family, three of whom have actually been masters.

These are Mr. Parker's own recollections of the sport:

"When I was whip and master, and for some time previous, the beagles were looked after by Lock at the Turkish Baths on the opposite side of the street, only a little higher up, to Tap.

"Lock was a great character, and my first acquaintance with him was when a bagged fox was hunted at the end of my first beagle Half; Lower Boys were allowed to go out, and I went. The hounds ran the fox into a hedge on Dorney Common, but would not tackle it. Lock pulled him out by his brush, and he turned round and bit his thumb, so Lock hit him over the head with his whip and killed him.

"When I was whip to Dan Lascelles we met at Dorney Common and ran a hare up to Orkney Cottage near Maidenhead, and back down the side of the river, and eventually picked her up

stone dead in a cottage garden on Dorney Common; she was as stiff as a post. I believe the time was 1 hour 20 minutes, but am not sure; it was a hot day and the pace very fast.

"The same year, when hunting a hare at Salt Hill, the hounds brought her back close to the Field, and a cad killed her dead with a stone at about 20 yards. I broke my whip across his shins.

"Frequently when we went into the kennel Lock would come out of the Turkish Bath with nothing whatever on, and with a mop in his hand which he occasionally spun like a torpedo at a hound that happened to be fighting or even scratching.

"One of his favourite expressions out hunting was 'Pop your whip, Sir; pop your whip.'

"On one occasion, when we had found at Turner's Nurseries we ran the hare back, and found Lock very busy stopping up the holes in the fence, so that if she ran in she would find it difficult to get out.

"On another occasion we ran a hare dead beat into these same nurseries, and Lock stood quite still in the rows of young green trees, about 18 inches high and very thick, and as the hare came jumping along the rows, which she had to do as they were so thick, he hit at her, but mistimed it and missed her, much to his disgust.

"I was hunting the beagles one day when we ran a hare to the river about 50 yards above the Victoria Bridge. She plunged in, with every hound after her, and it was a very pretty sight to see hare and hounds all in the river together. She swam under the bridge, and they were gaining on her fast and were just about to catch her about 6 feet from the bank. Seeing this, I got hold of a bush with one hand and tried to save the hare with the other. I got hold of something by the ear, but when I pulled it out it was one of the hounds, and we never saw the hare again. I *was* disgusted, especially as I lost my hold and fell into the river, going clean under."

Parker had hard luck in his second season owing to the floods, which are always liable to be bad in the low-lying Thames Valley. Indeed, during the great flood of 1894, Sayer, who now holds the post of verger in Chapel, swam across the road outside Baldwin's Bec (then Mr. H. E. Luxmoore's, now Mr. Stone's) and back before breakfast on one pleasant November morning.

There is an amusing incident recorded by Lord Newtown-Butler. After meeting by invitation at Horton Manor they found a hare which successively swam both the Colne and the Brent. Of the latter river he says: "The cold water of the

Brent proved no obstacle to the whips and several of the Field, who courageously plunging in swam across. One lucky individual got two young ladies to row him across." This hare crossed two more streams, and was eventually abandoned owing to the owner of a nursery garden, into which hounds had run their beaten hare, turning the hounds off his land. The run lasted three hours.

On April 15th, 1886, there is recorded an interesting agreement with Lock, which throws some light on the financial management of the pack. Barnett agreed to the hunt paying Lock £84 for the keep and food of a pack between eighteen and twenty-two couples of hounds. This did not include extra expenses and only referred to the Easter Half. It also mentions that the expenses generally amount to nearly £40, which seems to show that Lock did very well considering he was only burdened with them for about twelve weeks.

Mr. Claud Luttrell, a prominent beagler in those times, writes:

"Barnard made me a whip after a long exercise with the beagles, with Harry Boden and myself whipping in; my hound language, which I had learnt from my father's old huntsman Tom Sebright, decided Barnard in my favour, and the other two whips were Willoughby and Barnett.

"I am writing this letter with photographs of that year's beagle group on the wall in front of me; Barnard has a hound called Landlord in his lap—a light-coloured hound who helped us to kill more hares than any other hound—wonderful nose and to drive like a foxhound. I have Gamble in my lap, and I can't remember the names of the others who appear in the group; the prominent members of the hunt who are in the photograph are Guy Nickalls, R. C. Gosling and his brother Willie, Tattersall, Holland, Christian, Pechell, Green, Lord Montagu, Crum-Ewing, Dickinson, Vernon and Stratton.

"The beagles were kept at Lock's Turkish Baths, and old Lock used to welcome us back at the end of the day in his bathing drawers—he had a huge stomach and wore very small drawers, so was rather an unconventional kennel huntsman in appearance, but the hounds were very fond of him, and his kennel management was excellent. His son, who was a famous runner, used to help him. The kennels were half way down the High Street, and the whips used to stand in the street 'after 12' practising cracking their wips, much to their own edification if not to that of the other frequenters of the street.

"The pack was very uneven. One hound 'Forester' was over twenty inches. He killed a lot of hares for us, but was always a long way ahead of the pack and prevented their being covered with the proverbial sheet, so we weren't really sorry when a G.W.R. express put an end to his career on the main line near Slough. Our best sport was in the country between Taplow and Slough, but the railway was always a source of great anxiety to the whips, and there were miraculous escapes of the whole pack being cut to pieces. Lock and his son used to take hounds on to the meet—there was no hound van in those days. We used to exercise on non-hunting days in the Playing Fields, and I can remember some wonderful fast bursts after a cur dog which we often coursed from Upper Club across Sixpenny to the Fives Courts, when he used to get to ground in old Joby's shop. Rather derogatory to the dignity of the hunt officials, but it helped to keep hounds fit.

"The whips used to get lots of perquisites in the shape of wounded partridges and unsuspecting rabbits, which helped to supplement our evening meal, though hounds were severely rated for running riot; it was some compensation, after running one's guts out over a heavy plough, to return with a rabbit in the capacious pocket of one's beagle coat! As far as I remember Barnett's mastership was very successful also. He was a wonderful runner, and no day was too long for him, but I don't think he had quite as much 'science' as Barnard. His whips were Charlie Bentinck,* Claud Pennant and myself. I hunted hounds a few times when he was laid up, and I can well remember the difficulty of blowing a horn when one had run oneself to a standstill over Dorney Common or some 50-acre plough.

"The Eton beagles taught me a lot about hunting, but the most important lesson I learnt was never to hustle a horse over heavy plough, and I am sure my horses ought to be grateful to the E.C.H. for teaching me this lesson."

Barnett, as a matter of fact, had a much more successful season than his predecessor, equalling Hunt's record of seventeen hares. His last hunt produced an incident worth recording. "Our beaten hare," says the Journal Book, "was killed by a lurcher and stolen, but Barnett and Lock went for a policeman while Douglas-Pennant took the hounds home. The policeman, who was a '*nailer*,' soon got us our hare back."

*Mistake for Hon. G. Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby. Lord C. Cavendish-Bentinck was first whip next year (1887).

After this season it must be owned that the E.C.H. ceased for a time to show such good sport. During the next thirteen years the pack in no way improved, and with the exceptions of the years 1892 and 1898 the sport was inferior on the whole to that of the ten years just recorded.

"THERE SHE LAYS."

CHAPTER V.

1886—1899.

This will of necessity be a short chapter, as I have received few letters referring to the period. A terribly large number of those who were officials of the pack served both in the South African and in the late War, with the result that comparatively few are still living. It was not a particularly successful period as regards sport. Many fewer hares were killed than in the previous ten years, owing chiefly to a deterioration in the pack. Probably this was the fault of Lock. He was getting older and fatter, and began to think more of saving himself trouble than of keeping up a good pack of hounds. One of the Masters, A. M. Grenfell, horrified him by making him feed the hounds on oatmeal. Moreover, there was a tendency to make the pack a dog pack and exclude all bitches. In 1891 only four old bitches remained. As A. M. Grenfell remarked: "Of course this is the best plan for Lock, as it saves him no end of trouble, but that does not mean that it is the best plan for the hunt. There ought, in my opinion, to be at least three couples of bitches to breed from." But there was no uniformity of opinion, and, while one Master bred puppies freely, another would say that he did not believe in breeding at Eton. And so the pack really deteriorated and provided on the whole less sport than during the ten years previous to this time.

We do not wish to run Lock down. In a way he was an excellent kennelman. But, like many excellent men, he was old-fashioned and a trifle pig-headed, and several Masters had considerable difficulty in making him understand that he was there to do what they told him. However, he was wonderful out hunting, and, like old Mr. Mumford to-day, always seemed to be viewing the hunted hare. This is what an old follower says about him:

"He used to run a Turkish Bath up town somewhere opposite Devereux's shop, and was enormously fat. He always carried a sort of policeman's whistle out with the beagles, and generally seemed to be in the right place for viewing the hare. Both hounds and field had supreme confidence in him and always went straight for his whistle regardless of the horn."

During the Mastership of T. W. Brand (now Lord Hampden) an amusing incident happened. He says: "We had a great run from near Langley Station to beyond West Drayton. We swam the Colne and came back by train without paying for our tickets. A bill was sent in to me for forty tickets. I asked how they had got at the numbers, and was informed that they found forty wet imprints of our seats in the carriages.

"There was a marvellous hound called Landlord, and I should say his was the greatest personality in connection with the Eton beagles while I was at Eton. He lasted for years and was a marvel. Of course the kennels were poor things, but the hounds were fit and hunted well, and I am sure it was a great advantage to be able to drop in there any time of day. I usually went there after 10."

Here is a letter from Mr. G. Fenwick:

"In the year 1888 a hound van was first used, chiefly, I believe, because Lock, who then was kennel huntsman, had got too old and fat to stand the, sometimes, longish journeys home at night. I know that the masters and whips much appreciated the lift home after hunting. There also was a picture painted of the hounds that year, and I think a certain number of prints were sold, but what happened to it I don't know. My recollection of the print is that the whole thing was so bad that I wouldn't buy one, and I never have seen a copy since. It is so many years since I have seen the Eton country that I expect there have been very many changes. My chief recollection is of the soil and plough beyond Dorney, and the water which at times was over the fields below Aldin House, Slough, after heavy rains. I expect the same conditions still obtain. The most successful Master in my recollection, if one may take the number of hares killed in the season (in those days we only hunted in the Easter Half), was F. P. Barnett, who I think accounted for 17. He was Master in 1886, and in my opinion the finest runner over a really heavy country I ever saw."

There were two important changes in uniform about this time. A. M. Grenfell introduced the white knickerbockers and white stocks, and W. R. O. Kynaston, now Hon. Secretary to Sir Watkin Wynn's foxhounds, introduced the hunting caps of

brown velvet. Another innovation was a trap for two guineas a week, which took the hounds to the meet and back, accompanied by the Master and whips. This, though much abused by the *Chronicle*, was a good thing on the whole, especially as it enabled Lock to come beagling regularly, which he might not otherwise have been able to do.

A. M. Grenfell, now the most successful Master of this period, has sent me this letter:

"Campbell (E. G. Campbell, Master 1891) died of fever during the South African War. Ward's *régime* was chiefly remarkable for the purchase of the hound van. It was during a hunt when Ward was Master that I swam the lake at Ditton. The hare had crossed to the island and the hounds wouldn't cross. So I very stupidly gave them a lead, and got a bad go of 'flu,' in spite of being dried in the kitchen by the Duchess of Buccleuch—aged about 90. Reggie Ward, my whip, died, but Bobbie and his brother (Sir John) are still alive. They succeeded each other as Masters."

Grenfell's successor, W. R. O. Kynaston, has also written to me. He says:

"There was one day I remember well, you will probably find all about it in the *Field*, hounds changed once or twice, ran straight and right away from us. I sent 'the field' back in time for lock-up and went on with the whips after them. We got to hounds eventually when it was pretty dark; there was no sight of the van, and being near Richings Park, Mr. Meeking's, went in there; Hume Meeking was whipping in that day. Had our dinner there, and took hounds back to Windsor in the guard's van from Langley station, getting to Windsor station about 9 p.m. Attended the Head Master next morning, explained the hounds changed hares and went too fast to be stopped, was told I was responsible, and if we couldn't stop the hounds must have smaller ones! Offered to be swished, but had all 'bills' stopped for the rest of the Half, instead, much to my disgust. Hope you will have a good season; best of luck to the Hunt."

Here is a letter from Sir Edward Davson, third whip in 1894, which contains two anecdotes of beagling in the nineties:

"I do not know if you are dealing with the question of costume worn, but, when I first ran with the hounds, I think that the only distinction between the Master and whips and the field was that the former wore the existing beagle coat, otherwise wearing ordinary knickerbockers and colour caps. I think that white knickerbockers and white stocks were introduced about

1892, and that the hunting caps were introduced by Kynaston in 1893.

"The kennels in my year were in a miserable part of the town, kept by old Lock, who also ran a Turkish Bath there, and my recollection of Lock was that he was to be found either up at the kill, wherever this might be, dressed in a brown knicker-bocker suit, or else wandering round his own place dressed only in a very brief pair of scarlet bathing drawers.

"I remember that there was an old lady who lived out Horton way who had a strong objection to hounds hunting round her place, as she declared that they disturbed her fowls and ruined the flower-beds in her garden. We were accordingly requested by the Head not to go near the place, and did our best to carry out instructions, but on one occasion, when we met at Datchet, the hare made a bee-line for the place, the hounds in close pursuit. As we drew near we discovered the lady in command of a force consisting of two gardeners armed with pitchforks, who endeavoured to ward off the attack. The hare, however, meant reaching what it evidently considered a sanctuary, and in the end there was a beautiful kill in the middle of the lawn, with the old lady rushing up and down screaming, and the two men brandishing the pitchforks but not knowing what to do with them, as they were evidently as reluctant to provoke bloodshed (except on the hare) as we were. A strategic retreat was then carried out, but our unpopularity became if possible even greater, and I expect that if we had had occasion to visit the lady again we should have found a battery of guns masked behind the laurel bushes.

"On another occasion I remember a great run we had from Dorney to Taplow, where the beaten hare endeavoured to elude us by getting through a palisade surrounding a private park. One of the whips promptly scaled the paling, another sat astride on the top and the third lifted up the hounds, with the result that in a short time we deposited the whole pack in the grounds. We did not at the time realise that the grounds were really the private pheasant preserve of an eminent J.P., but, as he happened at the moment to be taking a walk round to inspect his birds, he very soon made his presence known by addressing to us a volley of the most abusive language that I think up to then it had ever been our privilege to hear. Meanwhile the hounds were busy coursing the pheasants, and it was only on our pointing out that he was himself causing a prolongation of his troubles that we all were summarily ejected by the gate. A letter of complaint to the Head Master caused our appearance in Chambers a few days

later, where we were suitably, if mildly, reprimanded by the Head and were also requested to write an ample letter of apology. This was duly done, and apparently so ably that it touched the heart of our host-by-compulsion, who promptly wrote that he would be glad to see us again, and invited the Master and whips to go and lunch with him. All therefore in this case ended well."

The most successful Masters of this period were A. M. Grenfell, in whose season fourteen hares were killed in twenty-six hunting days, and G. Robarts, who in thirty hunting days killed fifteen hares.

Perhaps it would be interesting to some to give the opinions of the various Masters on Lock and his kennel management.

"I think Lock looks after the hounds pretty well, but a Master must show to Lock that he (the Master) intends to look after his pack, or Lock may be inclined to impose."—A. M. Grenfell, 1892.

"Care ought to be taken with Lock, who does not look after the hounds satisfactorily, unless he is made to understand that he is *not* boss of the show."—H. B. Creswell, 1894.

"As regards Lock and the hounds, I think there is not much fault to find. The hounds were always in good condition, and I think he took a great deal of trouble with them. The way to manage him is to make him clearly understand that you are boss."—G. Sanford Hodgson, 1895.

"Lock is very pig-headed!"—G. E. F. Ward, 1896.

"I entirely disagree with many former Masters, who say that Lock looks after the hounds badly, and I am sure that no beagles could have been fitter the whole season than these were. The only thing about him is that he is a bit pig-headed and always wants to feed the hounds on 'greaves.'"—R. Milvain, 1898.

However, it must be remembered that having no paddock adjoining the kennels was a terrible drawback, and made the task of keeping hounds fit and the kennels clean infinitely harder than it would otherwise have been.

Lock must have been an extraordinary character. He used to say to the whips as they walked along the road: "Pop your whip, Sir; pop your whip," every other minute without any reason whatever. Another habit he had was that of accusing any rustic he met at the end of any sort of a hunt of "picking up the hare." He used to threaten the unfortunate individual with a whip, and the more boys he had round him at the time the more insistent he was.

Here is an incident of R. A. Ward's Mastership:

"Hounds bustled her through Mr. Taylor's covert and were close behind her, and would without doubt have repeated our feat of the previous week of killing three hares in one day, when bang! was heard followed by a volley of oaths from Lock, and we found a sportsman (?), Mr. Haynes by name, had shot our hare in front of the hounds. Lock immediately called upon the field to place our shooter in a duck pond which was near; but the latter thought discretion the better part of valour, making off as hard as he could go."

Before we close this period there are two letters to be recorded, the first from Mr. C. M. Black, first whip in 1896.

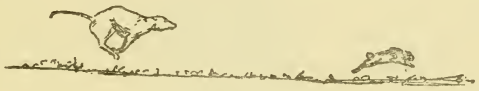
"I have been looking over old *Chronicles* and old photographs—in fact, to quote from J. K. S., I have been raking the glacier of years gone by, but really I am afraid my rake has not produced anything very exciting. I ran with the beagles for four seasons and was in the photograph for three years. I don't know whether you still have a photograph, but in my time one was always taken of the Master, whips and a selection of the 'first flighters,' and when fairly junior one was very pleased at being asked to come up for the photograph.

"1894 was a fairly good season. H. B. Creswell was Master, the whips being T. D. Pilkington, who was killed in the South African War, Maurice Atkinson-Clark at my Dame's (Hale's), who died during the same war, and E. R. Davson. We had some very good runners that year, amongst them being G. A. Hodgson, D. O. Dunlop, G. D. Baird and Harold Chapman. The last-mentioned was also at my Dame's. We always ran together and were generally near the front. He was fourth and I fifth in the School Steeplechase that year. In 1895 I turned the tables on him, for I was third to his sixth. He had left by 1896 when I won it. There were two 'bills' that year, the first to Wooburn, the Gilbeys' place; I did not go there, but I went to the other—about the end of February—Maiden Erleigh, the Hargreaves' place near Reading. We had an excellent day, killed one hare and should have killed another, but it 'disappeared' near the station after a fast run. I fancy some loafer picked it up! Bear Hargreaves, as he was called when at Mitchell's, rode that day (he had left Eton), and I remember holding on to one of his leathers when I was getting beat. We were nobly entertained at the house afterwards, and it was a first rate day altogether, one of the best I can remember.

"In 1895 there was a meet near the beginning of the Half, and then not another till well on in February. It was the year

of the long frost after 'the floods.' I rowed in Trial Eights that year, so I missed the hunting in the latter part of the Half. G. S. Hodgson was Master, and A. W. F. Baird, D. O. Dunlop and Jerry Ward the whips that year. Hodgson and Dunlop were magnificent runners, and were famous for running a dead heat in the Mile.

"In 1896 Jerry Ward was Master. Poor fellow, he was killed in the late War. I was first whip, the others being Charlie Cavendish, killed at Diamond Hill in South Africa, and Timmy Robarts, of whom I have lost sight. I think we were very unlucky that season. So far as I can remember, we had a considerable number of days when there was little or no scent—owing to cold winds and rain. Jerry Ward made an excellent Master and he knew the country well. He and I had run for several seasons. He left hounds to themselves and let them work



A DISAPPOINTING FINISH.

out their line, and did not continually lift them, as is so often done. We were all very keen, and I feel sure that with a little more luck we should have had a good season. As it was, I believe it was one of the worst on record. We were also very unlucky with fresh hares. I can remember fresh hares getting up in front of hounds on several occasions when we had our hunted hare done.

"The holes in the Stoke Park palings were a terrible stumbling block in those days; hares continually used to baffle us by reaching them and 'safety.' I don't know whether they bother you still.

"I remember a good hunt being spoilt by a retriever dog at Langley Village. It chased our hare into some nursery gardens, in which we later found it again. A. D. Legard, Robin Lubbock, who died a few years later from a boating accident, Henry Burroughes and the two Pawsons were amongst the first flighters that year. I had to row again in Trial Eights, which cut my season short, and in the photograph of a meet I see A. D. Legard

is carrying a whip—the famous Grenfell brothers are in that photograph too. Old Lock was going strong all the time, his knowledge of the country was marvellous, and he always turned up at the right place. He ran a Turkish Bath too. I used to visit it, as I was bothered with rheumatism, and the old fellow used to pommel you to bits after the bath."

The other letter is from H. R. Milvain, Master of the Hunt of his own name near Alnwick in Northumberland. He hunted the E.C.H. in 1898, the last year of the High Street kennels.

"1898 was the year I hunted them, my whippers-in being Chapman, A. D. Pilkington and W. Hodgson. Hodgson was laid up for some time in March, and one of the Grenfells usually whipped in instead of him. I am sorry I have no note of the number of hounds I had, but remember had to buy a few at the beginning of the season from Wilton, the dealer at Hanwell—one of them in particular, 'Windsor,' was a very good hound. Up till and including my Mastership practically no hounds were bred, and at the end of the season they were taken away to walk by any fellows who could manage them, generally returning to kennel some time during the Christmas Half. I brought about six or seven couples up here during the Christmas holidays, December 1897, and hunted them here. Lock was still kennel huntsman, and hounds were kennelled in the town behind his shop, which wasn't at all a good arrangement; old Lock did most of the walking out, etc. I think Grenfell, who followed me, got the new kennels built and got Champion as kennel huntsman. Lock by that time was getting old, and couldn't get about very well. You will probably have the old official diary with accounts of all the hunts, but if not I've got it all down in my hunting diary and can give you any more information you want if you let me know. We had a good season and a fair number of hares in most parts of the country.

"The best days I think were Saturday, February 12th, Shepherd's Hut. Found at once and ran fast for 55 minutes, killing in the open. Found again near river, and running up to Dorney Village turned back over Dorney Common and killed on river bank opposite Water Oakley in 20 minutes.

"Tuesday, March 12th, Shepherd's Hut. Found Dorney Common, ran fast for 15 minutes, losing her on river bank near Water Oakley. Found again near Dorney and ran hard for 1 hour 10 minutes, having to stop hounds in the dark close to Bray Lock. Had some good days in Hargreaves Park country too."

Right up to this time the E.C.H. was rather a scratch concern.

Rowland Hunt has established it on a proper basis, and many Masters had shown extraordinarily good sport. But proper kennels and a proper kennelman were needed, as was a definite standard of height, and in the next chapter we shall see how all these difficulties were solved by Francis and Riversdale Grenfell of glorious and honoured memory.

"HOLD HARD!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOLDEN AGE, 1899—1914.

It was in 1899 that the Golden Age of the E.C.H. began. Every hunt has had its periods of prosperity, and for fifteen years after this date the sport shown by the E.C.H. was all that could be desired. It was a sudden and unexpected revival, and it may be said to have been entirely due to the energy and keenness of Francis and Riversdale Grenfell, the twin sons of P. du P. Grenfell of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield. The extraordinary career of these two boys has already been portrayed by John Buchan. Two more gallant Englishmen never lived. As a life-long friend of theirs wrote, "I would gladly do anything to keep their memory alive."

They accomplished three things for the E.C.H. They built the new kennels, they bought a new pack of hounds, and last, but by no means least, they secured the services of George Champion as kennel huntsman. And in their time also the services of the late Mr. R. S. de Havilland were enlisted as treasurer for the Hunt; services which were invaluable, in spite of his repeated protests that he had next to nothing to do. A great deal of work devolved on him; the control of the finance, and the auditing of the accounts; occasional visits to angry farmers; the task of general representative of beagling for the Head Master, and the duty of warding off the attacks of the now defunct "Humanitarian League," a duty in which he suffered a great deal of unjust abuse; all these and many other tasks were patiently and successfully undertaken by him.

The building of the new kennels was the first accomplishment of the Grenfells. The scheme had been suggested by their brother, R. S. Grenfell, in 1894; and proceedings had even gone so far as for circulars to be printed, but difficulties arose as to the Army Examination, and he had to leave too soon. This brother had been killed at Omdurman in 1898, but his idea did not die with him, and directly Francis Grenfell was appointed Master he began the task of raising sufficient money for the building of real kennels.

FRANCIS AND RIVERSDALE GRENFELL.

These kennels were an ambitious task for two boys to undertake, for Rivvy, Francis's brother, had a big share in the work. Circulars were sent out to Masters of Hounds asking for money and advice, an appeal was put in the *Chronicle*, and in a very short time £689 0s. 10d. had been collected and the building began.

A site was secured from the College authorities for a nominal rent; and experts were sent to give their advice. Lord Coventry sent the kennel huntsman of the Queen's Staghounds. The Head Master (Dr. Warre), the Bursar, Mr. R. S. de Havilland, the Huntsman and the Twins all proceeded to the proposed site, and Mr. de Havilland told me he remembered how Francis, wishing to tip the visitor and having no money on him, boldly approached Dr. Warre and asked him to lend him a sovereign, which the Head Master gave with his most amused smile.

The kennels were built on clay on the advice of several Masters of Hounds. Lord Lonsdale wrote a letter showing how clay and lime should be put down and how the foundations should be set. Others that gave advice were Lord Willoughby de Broke, the late Duke of Beaufort, the late Lord Chesham, Sir Ian Heathcoat Amory, Mr. J. Arkwright and Mr. Godfrey Heseltine. They were modelled on the kennels of Mr. W. H. Grenfell (now Lord Desborough), of Taplow Court, where he kept a pack of harriers for ten years, and where the Old Berkeley Foxhounds were kennelled for some time. Everything that was defective in the original was corrected in the copy.

The buildings were finished on February 26th, 1899, and were occupied a week later. In the meantime a difficulty had arisen about the hounds remaining at Lock's in the High Street. So they were removed to a barn on Agar's Plough for the time being. It was a great day for the E.C.H. when on March 3rd they were established for the first time in their own kennels with their own whole-time kennel huntsman. The building of the new kennels cost £574 3s. 2d., leaving a balance of £114 17s. 8d. In the meanwhile an excellent letter appeared in the *Chronicle* of November 17th, 1898.

"Dear Sir,—As no small amount of controversy is at the present time taking place on the standard of height best suited to show sport to a field one and all mounted on shanks' mare, I understand that there will shortly be new kennels at Eton maintained by the School in a satisfactory and orthodox manner, and I hope in some years they will give shelter to one of the best

packs of beagles in England. I feel that this might be a suitable time to suggest:

(i) That the Master of beagles should summon a meeting of present Etonians and any Old Etonians interested in the subject to decide now and for ever on the standard of height of the Eton beagles.

(ii) That this standard should be fixed with a view to showing as much sport to their followers as is possible in the limited number of hours at their disposal.

(iii) That the matter should be thoroughly thrashed out, and that it should not be in the power of succeeding Masters to change either the standard of height or type fixed for their benefit by their predecessors on due consideration.

(iv) That some 'standard of type' of hound should be decided upon; whether it be the true beagle type, the harrier type with a dash of southern blood, or the small harrier type (Lilliputian foxhound).

"I think this should induce succeeding Masters to adhere to some particular type, without which no pack can hope to become uniform, much less when a different Master is at their head almost every three years.

"Let us then draw up a standard of both height and type and depict on paper an Eton beagle. The rest lies with the Master and his kennelman. Let him

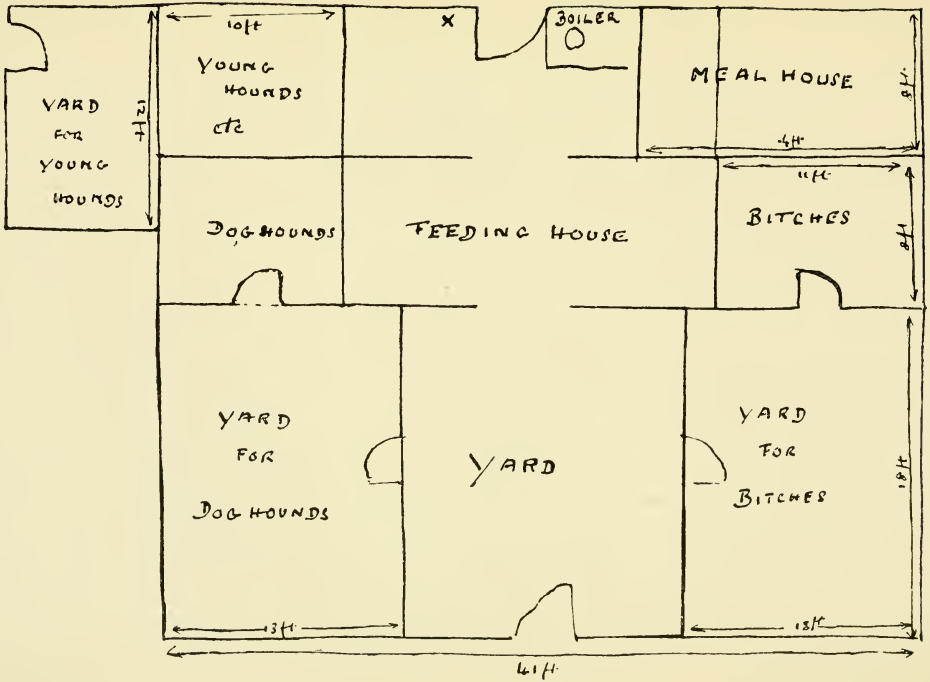
'For ev'ry longing dame select
Some happy paramour. . . . . Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd and briars inwoven.
Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.'

SOMERVILE.

"From personal experience I know exactly what it should cost to keep a pack of beagles, and I also know that, the more carefully your hounds are bred, the more sought after your breed and Q.E.D. the less your annual expenses.

"I hate radical changes in the dear old place, but I am all for improvements, and I fail to see how any pack of hounds can be properly kennelled in the centre of a town. I dare not trespass further, Mr. Editor, on your space, but at some future time perhaps I may be allowed to make some few suggestions for the 'walks' of the future Peterborough winners bred at Eton.

GRASS PADDOCK.



GRASS PADDOCK.

FOUR SMALL KENNELS FOR SICK HOUNDS.

KENNELMAN'S HOUSE.

I apologise for the length of my letter, written with the hope that it may inspire the young Nimrod to breed and keep a good class of hound, with which even a not overspeedy Etonian may possibly see some sport, for

'Tell me, ye gods, if any sounds
Be half as sweet as t' hear the hounds.'

Nov. 12th. W. H. B."

The reply to this came on Nov. 30th, when F. Grenfell wrote a long letter to the *Chronicle*, in which he informs us that

"Having disposed of all last year's pack, I have bought an entirely new pack of hounds, 15½ inches and very level. Though some hounds are rather lacking in good looks, the pack itself are a level lot and very good workers."

This pack was obtained from Mr. P. F. Hancock, of Wivelscombe, Somerset, a well-known follower of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. There were 13½ couple in all, and the sum paid was £55. The whole of F. Grenfell's letter is printed in an appendix at the end of the book.

But what shall I say of Grenfell's other innovation, the introduction of George Champion? He is such a well-known figure to all who have beagled during the last twenty years that it seems superfluous to give a description of him. And yet, for the sake of those who have never had the pleasure of knowing him, I cannot resist making the attempt.

He stands about middle height and his hair is white, but this is almost the only sign of increasing age. His expression is indescribable; he has a kind of mild good-humoured sarcastic look which seldom leaves him, and a pair of eyes that seem to notice everything. Although he wears no distinctive costume his hounds will sight him three or four hundred yards away, even though he is standing against a tree or a railway arch, and when they catch sight of him nothing will stop them from galloping to meet him, unless they are actually hunting.

At the kennels he is always glad to see you, though he may hide his pleasure under a somewhat gruff voice. He will never open a conversation on anything except racing or the weather, but he will answer any question you put to him, and is always willing to help the seeker after knowledge in anything concerning hounds; and, like all old men who have knocked about among hounds all their lives, he can spin a yarn with the best.

For who that hears the name of Champion does not immediately think of the great huntsman of the Zetland? George Champion is his son, and hails from Yorkshire. He was

himself for some years a whipper-in to the Zetland and to Lord Tredegar's Foxhounds until he met with an accident rendering fox hunting for him an impossibility. He can well remember his father hunting hounds in Cambridgeshire, as well as in the Zetland country, and he has inherited his knowledge and love of hounds and hunting. All his brothers possess the same family instinct. A brother was for some time before his death a few years ago huntsman of the Cheshire. Another brother, Fred, is now kennelman to a pack of draghounds in Holland. A third, Bob, is first whipper in to the North Shropshire. It was a great

1.40 P.M.

piece of luck that Francis Grenfell should have been able to secure such a man as George Champion.

G. K. Dunning, Master in 1912, gives him high praise, but every bit of it is deserved.

"You asked me in your letter about G. Champion. His position as kennel huntsman to the E.C.H. was, I think, rather a unique one, as in most cases the Master's knowledge of kennel management was negligible,* and a great deal of responsibility thus fell on Champion's shoulders.

*Notable exceptions were G. W. Barclay (killed in the War), son of Mr. E. E. Barclay, M.F.H. the Puckeridge, and K. S. M. Gladstone, who had had a pack of his own in Essex before he went to Eton. These two Masters of the E.C.H. undoubtedly did a very great deal to bring the pack to a high standard.

"Champion knew his work thoroughly; the Master generally did not (but thought he did—I speak from my own experience), and small wonder if Champion was apt to lay down the law to the new Master. He always did well with the bitches and their whelps in the summer, and had hounds fit by October, taking them for road exercise on a bicycle with his boy 'Gidge' to whip in. After Christmas, when we hunted three or four days a week, it was no easy job for him to bring out a pack of ten–twelve couple from a kennel of well under twenty couple. Yet we never seemed to have a 'short pack' out. Champion knew the country and the run of the hares, and was on good terms with the farmers. He was not a great runner, but always seemed to be there when really wanted. Especially was this the case when hounds crossed the railway line. He was not a man of polished manners; his style being more blunt; and any one who did not know him would think him sulky. And I remember his invariable way of taking an order was with the words, 'Ooh, ah!'

"I think you would go a long way before finding a better man for the job than George Champion."

Certainly George Champion is not sulky. Blunt he is, but it is his Yorkshire way, and he is always pleasant. Only the other day a little incident occurred at the kennels which illustrates this bluntness.

Champion was sitting by his fireside, enjoying a well-earned rest and planning his daily "doubles." Hearing what he imagined to be a young Etonian after eggs (which he always has for sale), he called out, "Hullo, what do *you* want?"

"I've come to see the hounds," said a voice.

"Well, go on through then; they ain't worth looking at."

"I walked two of them as puppies," said the voice, this time obviously that of a lady. Of course Champion was up immediately, only too keen to display his hounds to the best advantage and full of apologies for his apparent rudeness.

Champion always has a circle of boys clustered round him on Sunday after twelves, and it is one of the greatest pleasures I know at Eton to go to the kennels and talk hunting with him. Once after a good run early in the present season I had to go and tell a farmer about some cattle which had broken through a fence in the Ditton country, and I reached the kennels just in time to see hounds fed after hunting. Afterwards I had tea with the Champions, and a very good tea too, and when I got up to go home I found a beautiful ripe apple ready for me to take. We yarned all the time, and he told me

of his Yorkshire days and then of the time he was with a pack of bassets, "that 'ud run an old woman down a path; I've see'd 'em do it, Sir," and then also he mentioned the accident that put an end to his fox-hunting career and which did not occur when actually hunting. It must have been a great blow to him, especially as he was the eldest son of so great a huntsman; but he is devoted to beagling now, and takes an immense pride in his hounds.

Champion, when he was young, was an excellent runner and won a great many long distance races. To-day he scarcely ever goes out of a walk, but he is always viewing the hunted hare and is almost always in at the kill. He knows the run of the hares so well that he is continually getting very useful views.

A TYPICAL INCIDENT.

The other day I went to the kennels to try and get him to yarn about the Grenfells. He was not to be drawn, however, and was much too full of the defeat of Tishy in the Cesarewitch for me to secure many stories. At last I asked him how they behaved to each other.

"Ah, there you have me puzzled," said Champion. "I never knew what to make of 'em. They used to curse each other somethin' awful before every one. But they were good friends at heart, I believe."

It was singularly hard luck that Francis Grenfell should have been prevented from beagling after the first three weeks of the Half by a bad attack of bronchitis. It was typical of his generous manly nature to say that "being twins it was only right that we should be first and second and that I should hunt my share and then fall ill and give him his. Throughout he has been my right hand, and to him as much as to me is due the honour of having built new kennels to start the hunt on such a firm footing."

Grenfell's other two whips were E. B. Denison and H. K. Longman, son of the Master of the E.C.H. in 1870 and 1871. To him belongs the distinction of being the only Master of the E.C.H. who has been the son of a former Master, with the exception of S. A. Parker, Master in 1917, son of A. E. Parker, Master in 1882 and 1883. Grenfell's actual season calls for no particular comment. No more does that of H. K. Longman, who succeeded him in office. In fact this season was the worst so far as regards kills since the new pack was obtained, with the exception of the 1920 season when the kennels contained only six couples of old hounds. However, at the end of the Easter Half, 1900, there was a balance of about £300.

It was extremely fortunate that Longman should have been succeeded by R. G. Howard-Vyse (now Col.), the son of the Master and owner of the Stoke Place Beagles. Mr. Howard-Vyse (the father) took the champion cup at Peterborough many times with his beagles, and before Christmas had the right of hunting over the same country as the E.C.H. His son hunted the E.C.H. for two seasons and did much to improve the pack. During his Mastership he obtained leave from the Head Master to hunt first from St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30th) and then from Nov. 15th.* He also made arrangements with his father, who was always exceedingly kind to the E.C.H. and never made any objections to their hunting previous to Christmas, arranging his meets so as to avoid clashing with them.

Howard-Vyse used all the balance left over from the expenses of the two previous years in building a cottage for Champion and in raising oak palings round the kennel paddock. Both of these innovations were necessary; it was a good thing that he decided to build a cottage, as Champion would not otherwise have remained with the E.C.H.

These are Howard-Vyse's personal recollections:

"It has been great fun to read my accounts over again, but I fear I have little or nothing to add to them. In fact I can think of two comments only:

(*a*) I fancy I was the first Master to get permission for the field to come out beagling during the Winter Half; in the year after me it was dropped, because the Master was also first keeper of the Field; but it was continued afterwards, I see, though I don't know whether it still goes on. It seems rather ridiculous to keep a pack of hounds all the year round for nine weeks' hunting.

*To-day the season begins, subject to the Head Master's permission, on Oct. 15th.

(*b*) The running capacities of the staff of my second year (1901—1902) were rather a record:

Self	...	Winner of Steeplechase	1901.
Wilson	...	2nd in ,,	1901.
Lambert	...	Winner of ,,	1902.
Drake	...	2nd in ,,	1902.

"My first year was undoubtedly a very moderate one; we had some baddish hounds and it was a shocking scenting season. The second season was much better, and at the time I thought it very good indeed. But as a matter of fact I should think, looking back with my present experience, that the E.C.H. have probably had many even better seasons since.

"This I should put down to an improvement in the hounds, which began from the time of the Grenfells, two years before me, but did not bear full fruit till after my time. In this connection it was probably a big advantage, apart from any personal ability, that in six years there were only four Masters—myself and Wroughton each twice, and Romer Williams was a good hound man.

"Before the Grenfell twins the whole thing was a very scratch concern, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the debt which the E.C.H. owe to their memory. It requires tremendous push and energy to start the whole thing on a fresh basis, and to raise £1000 for the purpose, which is what they did.

"They were the keenest fellows I ever met; devoted to one another really, but out beagling they constantly cursed one another into heaps. The first hare I killed in my first season, February 5th, 1901, is the hunt I remember best. Chiefly because there wasn't an atom of scent, and I really ran her to death myself (she must have been very weak!). Hounds were behind, instead of in front of me, most of the way; and we tracked and viewed her practically all the way from the Bath Road near Cippenham to the river at Boveney. There was snow on the ground, and we kept on seeing her about half a mile ahead on the big fields between Cippenham and Dorney Common. I nearly ran my inside out; and eventually, when she was in the river, had to go in up to my middle to get her out."

If I had to mention any Master whom Champion talks about more than the others, it would be C. Romer Williams, who hunted the E.C.H. in 1904. Champion avows that the reason why he was so successful was that he was not really a first flighter, and by the time he had come up hounds had had plenty of time to fling for themselves, and then, says Champion, "he always did the right thing." It might be claimed that last year's Master,

T. C. Barnett-Barker, showed excellent sport for the same reason. Certainly he was never in the first flight, but his patience and perseverance were inexhaustible, and they seldom went unrewarded.

Mr. Romer Williams writes:

"I had a very nice lot of hounds when I was Master, about twenty couple as far as I can remember, and only had one real bit of bad luck, having three hounds killed on the railway near Burnham Beeches station one day.

"I was the first Master to hunt during the Winter Half, but no 'field' was allowed, only self and whips. During the Christmas holidays I took the hounds home to Northamptonshire, and we had great sport, though they went terribly fast in that grass country. One night, coming home, Champion got cramp in the stomach and fell off the 'hound van,' and I nearly drove over him and put an end to his career.

"The best hunt I had was from near Butts to Beaconsfield Common—a point of about eight miles, I suppose. The best day was an 'invitation' meet at Colonel Van de Weyer's—the other side of the river. We caught the first hare in the river after a good hunt of about an hour, then a second one in the open after a very fast and straight twenty minutes or so, and finally yet a third also in the open after a wonderful hunt of about two hours. But all this is in the diary, and I may now be exaggerating.

"The invitation meets at Wooburn, Col. Gilbey's place, always used to kill me. Those hills were the devil! Col. Gilbey's son Ronald was my first whip, and I generally used to throw the horn at him, as he was a far better runner than I.

"Not many Masters came out as a rule, but Mr. Robeson and Mr. Slater were fairly regular attendants, if I remember rightly; also 'Havvy' on horseback. I never missed a single day all the time I was at Eton. Seasons 1900—1904.

"I believe my year was the last of the old Norfolk jacket livery, and I was sorry they changed it—especially the buttons to brass ones. Next time I come to Eton I will seek you out and will tell you anything else you want to know. Anyway I'd rather be Master of the E.C.H. than anything else. Wouldn't you?"

C. R. H. Wiggin, now joint Master of the Brocklesby Hounds in Lincolnshire, also sent me his recollections of beagling at Eton.

"I have always been extremely keen about the E.C.H., and can never forget how much I enjoyed my hunting at Eton. Season 1902–03 A. F. Lambert was Master, I myself was first whip, K. I. Nicholl second whip, and St. J. M. Lambert third

whip. Archie Lambert was a fine runner, and won the School Steeplechase, and was a good Master. He was a great athlete, kept the Field in which XI. I played myself in 1902, and was also in the Cricket XI. He died in E. Africa; no better fellow ever lived. As far as I remember, we only had two days' hunting in the Christmas Half, one of them a good day; we found a hare in the field behind the kennels, and after a good hunt killed her in the Moat which runs round Ditton Park. We had a good season during the Easter Half of 1903, and beagling was then very popular at Eton. I regret I have no diary, but I

HIS LUCKY DAY.

remember one day from Salt Hill railway bridge. We found on Salt Hill, and killed a good hare after about an hour. We then found again on Salt Hill, and after a turn round the hill crossed the G.W.R. and leaving Chalvey on our left and Butts on our right killed her on the G.W. Railway Slough to Windsor. Time, 1 hour 15 min.

"I remember another topping hunt from Salt Hill with Dorney Village on our right, and killing a good hare in the Thames above Athens, but I cannot remember if this was 1903 or the year before; I think 1903. Nicholl and St. J. M. Lambert have not hunted, I think, much since. I am at present joint Master and huntsman of the Brocklesby Hounds with Lord

Yarborough, who you will know owns them. Of hounds at my time I fear I do not remember very much. 'Comrade,' walked by myself, was an excellent hare hunter, and so was 'Ranter,' both large hounds. 'Witchcraft' was a rare bitch to catch a hare, and 'Witchery,' her sister, a good line hunter. We had a very good invitation meet or two, notably with Gilbey at Marlow, and, I believe, with Howard-Vyse at Stoke. I remember running hard one day in 1903 from Remenham to the London Road beyond Colnbrook, where we lost our hare."

In 1905, Dr. Warre resigned his position as Head Master of Eton to the great regret of everyone concerned with the beagles. However he became Provost and continued his connection with the School. Champion always swears by him. He used occasionally to go to see the kennels, and always took a kindly interest in the hunt. It was a severe blow to the hunt when he gave up, and it could truly say in the words of a contemporary magazine:

"Your road joined ours long years ago,
You found our inmost heart;
The roads diverge again, and so
We part.
We said your work was past, ah no!
'Tis you alone are gone:
The work you did, the debt we owe,
Live on."

Indeed his work lives on. He had warded off the most severe attacks of the Humanitarian League, and he had set the examples for Head Masters to come. The late Head Master continued the good work, and the Humanitarians have long since ceased to trouble the E.C.H.

G. W. Barclay, son of E. E. Barclay, who is Master of the Puckeridge Foxhounds, was a wonderful heavy-weight runner. He was Master in 1909–10, and had a good season. Champion tells a story of how, at a meet near Bray on the other side of the river, Barclay found himself confronted by an enormous dyke. He plunged boldly in, but, being heavy, stuck near the far side. Champion crossed with difficulty, and by dint of a great deal of pulling and tugging Barclay emerged on the right side, minus his beagling shoes. These were finally rescued by Champion, and the hunt proceeded. Afterwards, when they were sumptuously entertained by, I think, Col. Van de Weyer, Barclay borrowed a pair of flannel trousers which fitted him passably well as he stood

up. When, however, he sat down to tea there was a loud crack closely resembling the tearing of flannel, and Barclay backed hastily from the room amid much confusion on his part and laughter from the rest of the party.

Previous to Barclay, S. G. Menzies had hunted hounds for two seasons with signal success, killing twenty-four and twenty-five hares. Not only was he successful in the hunting field itself, but also he was extraordinarily popular with the farmers. He used to write and thank the farmer on whose land was found any hare that gave them a real good hunt.

But Menzies really made his name as a killer of foxes. He hunted five foxes in all, killing three and running two to ground, one of which was evicted and killed. The first fox to be killed was on Nov. 17th. Here is the account in the Beagle Book.

"Went to Dorney after the foxes. We failed to find, however, either in Dorney Court or in the Water Oakley plantations, but, on drawing a turnip field at the back of the village, a fox was viewed away, and getting hounds on close behind raced away over Cippenham Big Field towards Chalvey Marsh. However, he swung right-handed for Mr. Tarrant's land and passed Butts to the Line. Here he headed left for Chalvey and crossed the Line close by and went to Willowbrook, where he lay down in a thick fence. Putting him up, he made for the Slough Road, but being headed doubled back through the pack, over Mesopotamia and into the Lower Master's* garden, where he got under some logs. However, hounds pushed him out into Jordan and over the Field, eventually killing a full-grown cub in the Fives Courts, after a very fast hunt of 30 minutes. Truly a triumph for beagles. Point of 2½ miles."

The other great run after a fox found close to Dorney resulted in a kill in the open close to where he was found after a hunt of 55 minutes, very fast, in which a great deal of country was crossed.

K. S. M. Gladstone, who still keeps a pack of beagles in the New Forest, has sent me a letter in which he describes his hunting experiences at Eton.

"I was third whip to Geoffrey ('Tim') Barclay (C.M.W.) during the season 1909–1910. He (Barclay) was one of the very best sportsmen and Etonians I have ever had the fortune to meet. He was the son of Mr. Barclay, the present Master of the Puckeridge Foxhounds, and I had the good fortune also to whip in to him with the T.F.B.† at Cambridge before war broke out. He was always very quiet, but entirely thorough when hunting

* The late Mr. F. H. Rawlins. † Trinity Foot Beagles.

hounds, and was a real good judge of a hound himself. During the War I met him in Flanders, just before he was killed serving with the Rifle Brigade. He was the same as ever, and from every account as good a soldier as he was a sportsman and Etonian. I still have a vivid recollection of a hunt during Barclay's Mastership. We met at Dorney Village on March 8th, 1910. We found in Thames Big Field and ran nearly to Taplow, and then sharp back parallel with the river past Boveney Church and across Dorney Common to the Sanatorium and over the Golf Links to Cuckoo Weir Bridge. Here the hare swam the river, which was in high flood, and 'made' the other bank nearly 100 yards lower down stream. Luckily a punt was handy, and, though we lost more ground (or rather water) than our hare had, Barclay took two and a half couple of his best hounds with him, 'Warwick,' 'Leicester,' 'Driver,' 'Fairplay' and 'Dauntless,' and killed his hare in the paddock on Windsor Racecourse after a very fine hunting run of an hour and 33 minutes. We had several other good hunts that season, but the one described above remains more vivid than some of the others.

"As regards my own Mastership in 1910—1911. It was through no fault of my own that we had (up till then) a record season and killed 13½ brace of hares in 36 hunting days. The three whips, L. C. Gibbs, W. P. Browne, now Master of Lord Portman's Foxhounds, and W. Holland-Hibbert, were all experts and just as capable, and probably more so, of killing a hare as I was. The previous Masters, Menzies and Barclay, had between them bred from the best hunting strains and moulded a good working pack, all of which were workers, and this is a great asset in a pack of beagles. No word of praise can be too high for Champion for what he has done for the E.C.H. His position is probably unique, as all past and present Etonian members of the E.C.H. must know, and yet, though he always had his hounds fit and well, and despite the fact that he practically lived with them, he was always able to 'put hounds on' to the Master and to render valuable assistance in whipping in and getting some very useful 'views.' This is a hard accomplishment to achieve when a kennel huntsman has to feed and exercise hounds, and when the Master and huntsman has very little time to get his hounds to know him well and properly, or to supervise kennel management himself. It was a rare occurrence to have a sick hound in kennel during the hunting season, and the kennels themselves were always spick and span and clean. He was good company always, and I have spent many Sunday and other afternoons in listening to his yarns of hounds and hunts gone by. I

recall well one afternoon during an Ascot week when I went up to the kennels. Champion had talked more than usual, and the subject was so absorbing that I quite forgot about Absence, and had to chase Mr. Booker down Keate's Lane to try and explain my absence. The explanation was accepted. Perhaps Mr. Booker had forgotten that we made rather a mess in his garden where I killed my first hare with the E.C.H.! The kennels at Datchet still must be the best beagle kennels in England.

"There is one point I would like to bring up, though it is no concern of mine. That is the breeding of hounds at Eton. Far too little breeding seems to have taken place always. It is much more interesting and better to breed your own hounds from approved working strains than to be compelled to buy hounds whose hunting qualifications and those of their sires and dams are usually unknown. There is naturally no great incentive for a Master, who can only look forward to hunting hounds one season, to breed a lot of puppies when he may never see them hunt a hare.

"All the same, now the War is over, it is suggested, say for two or three seasons, that every good hunting bitch be bred from, and good stud dogs in other packs used, providing of course there are not good stud dogs within the kennel. Fresh blood is always good, and I know the temptation of using your own best stallion hound too much. There must be many keen subscribers to the E.C.H. who would be only too pleased to walk puppies, and it will add to their keenness immensely to see their own 'walks' hunting, and to follow their career as long as they are at Eton. It is far better, I think, to breed hounds to hunt and not to win cups, and a bad motive to sacrifice hunting powers for looks, but it *is* possible to combine both, and it would be very pleasing for all Old Etonians interested in beagling, and a great credit to the Master of the E.C.H., if he were to produce beagles capable of winning at the annual Harrier and Beagle Show at Peterborough.

"I had one red-letter day during my Mastership. It was from Remenham on February 11th, 1911. A hare was found on the plough near the Park, and after a circle opposite the 'Bells of Ouseley' hounds pushed her away towards Wraysbury station, where the railway was crossed. Without a semblance of a check Horton village was passed on the right and the hare swam the River Colne. A fine stretch of grass country lay in front and hounds were now screaming. Past Wraysbury Butts the line lay over the Colnbrook Line to Staines Moor, where our hare squatted near Staines station. Hounds worked

up to her, but she kept a straight mask, and leaving Staines town on her right entered one of the big reservoirs there and was drowned three minutes in front of hounds after a wonderful hunt of an hour and fifteen minutes. It was about eight miles as hounds ran and a five mile point. All the hounds were up at the end, as were only the keenest of the field; the hound van had managed to get up to us, and we took as many back to Eton as we could *in it* and on top of it, while the late Mr. P. J. de Paravicini loaded his pony cart with as many boys as possible. The rest got back to Eton 'somehow,' a little late for lock-up perhaps, but it was worth it. I warned m'tutor, Mr. R. S. de Havilland, who was then Hon. Treasurer and Secretary of the E.C.H., that he might have some complaints the next day, and that I was to blame, as I forgot in the excitement of the hunt to send the field home. But nothing happened, and it goes to prove that the E.C.H. field is an orderly and sensible one, which does not take advantage of its freedom but appreciates it and its responsibilities.

"When I was Master I had several letters from the Humanitarian Society, and anonymous ones, no doubt emanating from the same source. The former were replied to after good advice given by the Head Master, Dr. Lyttelton, and m'tutor, Mr. de Havilland. The anonymous ones were destroyed! If hare hunting or hunting of any form is to be stopped, I am sure Eton will be the last to give in. Its advantages are so many and so well known that it would be a waste of time to quote them, but I feel that the 'kill-sports' think they have an easy prey in attacking College and School packs, while they practically ignore the many other hundreds of packs of hounds in the United Kingdom.

"The size of the hounds at Eton has always been a great source of discussion. You have only, say, two and a half hours on a short winter afternoon to find, hunt and kill your hare, and while 16 and 17-inch hounds do not allow many people to see them hunting, a 14-inch hound is a little too small to give the Master a fair chance to handle his hare in a short time with a large eager field behind him and maybe a moderate scent.

"I would advocate a 15-inch hound as a standard size for the E.C.H. My father gave me leave to start a small pack at home in 1908. It consisted of two and a half couples kindly given me by Mr. George Miller, originally Master of the Spring Hill Beagles. It grew to seven or eight couples, and during the holidays of 1908, 1909, 1910 we had great fun in Essex, with two sporting farmers to whip in, and killed 27 hares in 65

hunting days. The E.C.H. came home one Christmas holidays, and we had the hound van, which was drawn by two grey carriage horses and looked most imposing. Old Mumford, who had a pub. near Windsor Bridge, and who was the keenest follower of all of the E.C.H., stayed with us these holidays, and was greatly liked by all. The above took place at Braxted in Essex.

"We have still got a pack and hunt the New Forest in Hampshire. The pack belonged to the late Sir Frederick FitzWygram, himself an Old Etonian, and was known as the Leigh Park Beagles. They are a splendid lot. Last year we killed 17½ brace of hares in 44 days. The Forest hares are strong, and we hardly ever killed one under the hour, and it often took two hours."

One day from Dorney Gate the E.C.H. burst up four hares, none of which were actually chopped. This is a record, and is likely to remain one, at Eton.

Some Masters used to take the hounds home with them in the holidays. Romer Williams, Gladstone and Gibbs did this, and hounds fairly raced in the Pytchley country where Romer Williams lived. Champion does not like taking the hounds away from Eton nowadays, but prefers to find someone in the district to hunt them. For the last two years they have been hunted by Mr. Judd, who lives close to Stoke Poges, and handles hounds with considerable ability.

G. K. Dunning (who only gave up the Mastership of the Trinity Foot Beagles last season) created what was up till then a record for hares killed. He accounted for 33 hares and one fox in 45 hunting days. He has sent me some details of his beagling days at Eton.

"One day we went to Fifield Cross Roads on the other side of the river, Col. Van de Weyer having as usual kindly given permission.

"Late in the afternoon, after a fair day's sport, hounds picked up a line which at first we all thought to be a hare's. But as they went on and got closer to their quarry the old hounds began to get their 'hackles' up, and a few minutes later they ran into a fox in the middle of the village—a fortunate release for him, as he had had a trap on his leg, poor thing. The sporting Rector of the place was passing at the time (it is Garth F.H. territory) and was horrified at seeing a fox pulled down like this, but was satisfied when we showed him the trap.

"This meet at Fifield was a very good one, and we generally went there on whole holidays with about a dozen specially

invited beaglers in a second horse-brake. Col. Van de Weyer was always very good about giving leave, and generally sent a mounted groom to stop hounds from the fox coverts on the hill.

"The best bit of country was on the river side of the road, nearly all grass. I had a very good day there in my season. The first hare hounds caught in the river after 25 minutes, but she sank and was not recovered, though St. George dived for her several times. The next hare was killed on the golf course after 1 hour 15 minutes. Very pretty hunting, and a third was also accounted for after a short hunt.

"The other two bits of the country I liked best were Dorney (Village and Gate) and Remenham. There was generally a fox at Dorney beyond the village, and we killed one there in 1913, but without much of a run.

"I think trying to catch a fox with beagles (unless it is a very bad fox or a cripple, both of which should be killed) is an unsatisfactory game, as hounds always take some time to settle down again to a hare. I remember hearing complaints just after the War that the Motor Depot at Salt Hill would cut a very large and important slice out of the E.C.H. country. Personally I should have been quite glad never to have hunted there at all, owing to innumerable hares and the risk of the G.W.R. main line. At the same time Mr. Christie-Miller of Britwell was always glad to see the E.C.H., but certainly before the War the number of hares was heart-breaking. Talking of the railway reminds me of the only occasion where I saw a hound of the E.C.H. killed on the line. It was in Gibbs' season, and hounds had checked by the railway bridge at Remenham. We heard a train coming, and as it approached were sure that hounds were 'all on.' But May and I had made a mistake, and one puppy had gone across into the little spinney beyond the line, and now came back right under the train.

"But after hunting near the G.W.R., with its express every two minutes, it was maddening to lose a hound on the Datchet Line. Yet this is just what happened with the Trinity Beagles at Cambridge before the War. The accident happened on the rotten little line to Mildenhall!

"As regards the Masters at Eton who came out, I can remember seeing Messrs. Dobbs, Churchill, Slater and Young, but the most regular beagler was Mr. Dobbs.

"Reference will have been made by my predecessors to the late Mr. R. S. de Havilland for all he did for the E.C.H., not only in keeping the finances straight, but in taking 'bills off

absence' to distant meets on whole holidays, and often I fear putting himself to considerable inconvenience by doing so.

"I remember in my year we had run a hare from Dorney at a great pace and killed in his garden, hounds had broken up their hare, and only a very mauled pad was saved, which I did not think worth having set up for him. However, he was anxious to have something to mark the event, so Jefferies in the High Street did his best, and I hope the moth has not yet got into it.

"The E.C.H. had one thick-and-thin supporter before the War in 'Old Mum.' Mr. Mumford kept a public near the Bridge. As far as I remember, he never missed a day, nor did anyone ever see him run, yet he was always viewing the hunted hare and was invaluable. We used to take him on the hound van for long distance meets, and I hope he goes beagling still. He was one of the best.

"In conclusion I may say that it is a great relief to know that the E.C.H. is on its legs again and showed such good sport last season. The packs at Oxford and Cambridge will now be able to staff themselves from 'old hands,' and that means a lot. If one can offer any advice to future Masters of the E.C.H. (and it certainly seems presumptuous), I would say, try and spend more time with hounds in the kennels and at exercise, and get to know your kennel management thoroughly. And, if it ever is possible, get the pack into the stud book."

There was one disastrous incident in L. C. Gibbs' year, 1911–12, which Dunning has described for me.

"*The Stoke Park Tragedy.* We had met at Salt Hill, I think, and after one circle hounds hunted their hare into Stoke Park, where they checked. (Here let me say that there are fallow deer in the Park, that the ground was very soft, particularly the putting greens, and that a 'medal round' was being played on the course.)

"Well, a herd of deer was close by and suddenly took fright and galloped off. Up went hounds' heads, and then the fun began. Some one was out with us on horseback, I think S. G. Menzies, a late Master of the E.C.H., and he did everything in his power to stop them, as they drove the deer round and round the golf course and across the greens, to the horror of the players. Finally they divided, and, while the Master got to one half as they were swimming their quarry in the lake and stopped them, I found three or four couple had pulled down a deer in the wood behind the club house.

G. K. DUNNING'S YEAR. 1913.

R. W. G. Dill. B. Hudson. L. C. Nash.
Lord Apsley. R. D. Crossman. R. A. W. Dent. Marquis of Hartington.
R. Monckton. L. S. Campbell. L. A. Judd.
F. H. le G. Horton. N. W. H. Gladstone. H. A. St. George. R. Philipson.
C. C. H. Hilton-Green. G. K. Dunning *(Master)*. R. E. F. Courage.

"Getting hounds together the Master left the Park as soon as possible, but that did not by any means close the incident as far as the golf club authorities were concerned, and I think the hunt paid substantial damages."

The season 1913–14 is the record one up to date. C. C. Hilton Green was Master till Christmas, and afterwards R. D. Crossman, son of Mr. D. Crossman, the present joint Master of the Cambridgeshire Foxhounds. Thirty-eight hares were killed in 49 hunting days.

How can I end this chapter better than by quoting the description of the best run the Eton Beagles ever had, with a point of seven miles? It took place in 1904, when Romer Williams was Master.

"Tuesday, March 8th, was a day to be remembered, from the Prince of Wales. We found a hare directly, but lost her near the Sanatorium after 20 minutes. Found again in a plough near Eton Wick, and they fairly raced away straight as a die up to Headington's Farm. Here we met our hunted hare coming back, with 'Crafty' in close attendance, who shortly killed her. Meanwhile the pack had gone on with another hare as hard as they could go, and quite straight past Headington's to the G.W.R., and over that past Atkins' to the top of Lynch Hill, where they checked for the first time. We then seized the opportunity of breaking up 'Crafty's' hare, and then going forward we put up a hare in the next field and ran like the devil himself straight over to Burnham Beeches, leaving Farnham Royal on our right. Through the Beeches they went and on to Beaconsfield Common, where we whipped off as soon as we could, as some hounds were still in the Beeches. Eton Wick to Beaconsfield is seven miles as straight as the crow flies, with absolutely never a turn. Time, 75 minutes."

Champion has told me that this was quite the best hunt he has ever seen with beagles, and I doubt whether many better runs could be found in any of the records of hare hunting in the British Isles.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAR AND THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

When the war cloud broke over Europe in the summer of 1914 the E.C.H. was in a very flourishing condition. During the season 1913–14 38 hares had been killed, which remains a record for the pack. There was every prospect of a good year to follow, especially as R. D. Crossman was to have stayed till the end of the Easter Half, and he had already hunted the hounds with considerable success.

But all this was changed. Crossman and R. W. G. Dill, his first whip, both got commissions. They left at Christmas. Crossman closed the Journal Book in the following way:

"I think it is rather hard luck on Dill and myself having to leave, but country comes even before hunting, and I only hope this infernal war will end soon."

He went out to fight and was killed. His whip Dill went right through the War but emerged unhurt. Few more promising hound men ever existed than R. D. Crossman, but, like many another, he gave up everything to serve his country.

G. G. Cox-Cox, Crossman's second whip, stayed until Christmas 1915, and was succeeded by W. A. D. Eley in the Easter Half. Both the seasons 1914–15 and 1915–16 were fairly successful, though in the latter only nine hares were killed. The war-time conditions were of course very difficult. Little breeding took place, and consequently the pack decreased in size. The food also was inferior; but Champion always had the hounds fit and ready for work. Owing to the E.C.O.T.C. parading every Thursday the beagles were only able to hunt two days a week in the Easter Half.

During a hunt about this time a very promising young bitch was killed on the railway line close to Remenham. I mention

this because it has been my misfortune on the very day I am writing this to see for the first (and I hope the last) time a hound run over by a train. The accident was unavoidable. All the whips were 300 yards behind and the train came out of a mist. Poor Ranter was cut in two, and it was a miracle that the whole pack was not destroyed. From time to time these accidents have occurred, especially often at this place (on the bridge at Remenham), and future Masters will do well when hunting this part of the country to have several fellows always on the line, because hares invariably cross it.

Mr. A. Knowles, first whip in Easter Half 1915, has supplied me with the following information:

"As far as I can remember the Prince of Wales came out with us twice during the Michaelmas Half of 1914. Once a meet at the Sanatorium and once at the Queen's Head, Bray. If there is no note of it in the Beagle Book Champion will remember the details. In the Easter Half of either 1914 or 1915, from a meet at Datchet, we got mixed up with the Windsor Drag. The hare crossed the line of the drag. Some of the drag hounds continued with the beagles, and I think that an odd couple or so of the beagles joined the drag hunt. Anyhow I remember shutting up about three couple of the drag hounds in Datchet on the way back to kennels in the evening, and sending a message for them to be fetched.

"In 1912 there was a very good hunt, which ended with the hare swimming out and drowning in a reservoir at Staines. Another time I remember having a good hunt somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ditton. We lost the hare in a garden, and found her eventually in a basement cellar. I think that was in 1914 Easter Half, but I am not certain. I hunted hounds one day Easter 1915, meeting at the 'Prince of Wales' on the Slough Road. We found immediately, circled round by Butts back to the 'Prince of Wales' field, then the hare ran the Slough Road to the 'Burning Bush,' down Common Lane to the Drill Hall, and was picked up 'stone cold' by some Coldstream Guardsmen who were having a lesson in map reading by the bridge over Jordan. Of course the hare was lost, as far as we were concerned, because I was not informed of her fate until too late.

"In 1913 Michaelmas Half, from a meet at the Sanatorium, the hare ran up the Racket Court field (next to Walpole House) from South Meadow and was killed in the garden of Booker's House opposite the old Fives Courts."

To all who admire and follow the career of the Prince of Wales it will be of interest to know what is written of him in

the Journal Book by R. D. Crossman. There had been a splendid hunt of 1 hour 5 minutes when the hare had squatted. It was, however, 20 minutes before she was put up and killed.

"The Prince of Wales was again with us, and he runs really well. He thoroughly enjoys every bit of sport, and is always willing to turn hounds, etc. It was he who spotted our last hare squatting, after at least five of us had walked over her."

In the Michaelmas Half of 1916 R. F. Goad hunted hounds, and was succeeded at Christmas by H. K. M. Kindersley, whom I vaguely remember nearly tripping me up in the High Street when he was in "Pop" and intended to fag me in the street. One day during his Mastership two hares, which were running together in front of hounds, were both killed by an express train near Burnham station. After the season, which was not a particularly good one, only 12 hares being killed in 21 hunting days, the hounds were all walked by various people. Champion went to work on the land at a neighbouring farm.

They were collected again at the kennels at the beginning of the Michaelmas Half, 1917, after a great deal of correspondence. Many of them were terribly fat, and it was greatly to Champion's credit that he got them fit for hunting at all. Not only this, but up to Christmas they had quite a successful season under the Mastership of S. A. Parker. Parker's third whip, the Marquess of Worcester, was also Keeper of the Fives Courts. He now hunts his own pack of foxhounds in the Badminton country on the Wilts and Gloucester border. His father, the Duke of Beaufort, was a keen follower in the sixties.

At Christmas the hounds were definitely dispersed. It was, in the opinion of many, a great mistake, as probably they could have been kept up cheaper at Eton than by various people who kindly consented to walk couples. The Rev. C. A. Alington, who had succeeded Canon Lyttelton as Head Master in January 1916, wrote to the Food Controller for his advice and instructions, and in consequence the pack was disbanded.

There was even some talk of Champion leaving and of getting up a subscription for him. As Parker has said in the Journal Book, there would have been no lack of subscribers. Fortunately, however, for the hunt, Champion did not leave, but remained until the hounds were restarted in December 1919.

Immediately after the War was over there were many letters to the *Eton College Chronicle*, demanding that the beagles should be restored. O.E.'s from every part of the country wanted to know the real state of things. It shows how much the E.C.H. was held in esteem that so many, who had ceased

from taking any active part in the administration of the College, should have realised that the restitution of hunting at Eton was a thing highly desirable in itself and in its result.

The first of these letters appeared in the *Chronicle* of Dec. 5th, 1918. It ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Now that hostilities have ceased ought not the Eton Beagles to be got together and start hunting once more? If steps were taken at once to collect the hounds (which are now out at walk) the School would have occupation and exercise next Half.

"Very few boys have had much chance to learn anything about the sport of kings during the War, and the Eton Beagles have always been the nursery of a large number of Masters of hounds in this country.

"Yours truly,
"THREE EX-MASTERS AND TWO EX-WHIPS
"OF THE E.C.H."

This was answered by the Master, E. V. Rhys, in a letter in which he stated that after a long discussion it had been decided not to hunt owing

(i) To the expense of food, etc.;
(ii) To the Cippenham works and their possible effect on the E.C.H.

During the Michaelmas Half 1919 J. F. de Sales La Terrière took the matter in hand, and he may now have the satisfaction of knowing that it was entirely due to him that the E.C.H. has again been set on its legs. He confronted the Head Master on several occasions and eventually secured his permission to collect the hounds. Circulars had been sent to all the farmers, and practically no unfavourable replies had been received. The Head Master made three stipulations: that the Hunt must not be subsidized from outside, that no Lower Boys should run, and that hunting should close on March 20th.

Experience has subsequently proved that the Slough Motor Dépôt has not by any means spoiled the hunting country of the E.C.H. True it has had the effect of putting an end to hunting in the Salt Hill country, but many old Masters have expressed their opinion that they would never willingly have hunted there at all owing to the danger of the railway to hounds.

La Terrière had to surmount many difficulties in his work of getting the hounds back. He has told the story in his own words in the Journal Book:

"As we were in a muzzled area, I went down to the Police

Station to find out if there were any restrictions about hunting. They were decidedly vague about the whole affair, but advised me to write to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to find out if a permit was necessary or not. This I did, and on receiving no answer from them I got leave to go up to Town and stir them up a bit. When I got there I was told that I could collect the hounds from unmuzzled areas, but as we were in a special area we were on no account to hunt them.

"This at first seemed to be the final stroke of bad luck against the hunt, and at that time there was apparently no chance of restarting them in the Easter Half, owing to the fact that there would be no person left who knew anything about the country. But nothing daunted I decided to collect the pack here, because, if the muzzling order came off in January, as was expected, they would be ready for hunting.

"When I started to collect them, I discovered that I could only get very few here owing to the accursed muzzling order, and also to certain unaccountable circumstances. 'Bellman,' 'Cautious' and 'Comrade' were in muzzled areas and could not be shifted. 'Bruiser' had died a natural death. Mrs. Barnard had knocked 'Spinster' on the head, as she had grown too old and fat. The hound 'Rambler,' which had been adopted by Champion in 1916, walked away as curiously as he had come. But the final blow came when I heard that a boy, Gage, had sent out to Germany both 'Caroline' and 'Grappler,' as he thought the E.C.H. had finally stopped. This naturally reduced the pack considerably, and, had it not been for the kindness of Mr. St. George, we could never have hoped to carry on. Mr. St. George, whose son was killed in France, and had been a whip in 1912, presented the hunt with two young couple by 'Whitby' out of 'Melody,' both of which had formerly belonged to the E.C.H. and had been given to him. If these shape as well in the field as they do in the kennels, we ought to be able to carry on till better times come.

"'Havvy' (the late Mr. R. S. de Havilland) managed to persuade Glyn to stay on for one more Half so as to be Master. He is the last of the old stagers. I mean by that that he is the last person who was noticeable before the hounds were stopped in 1917. I wish him the best of luck, though I fear he will have a tough job. *Floreant canes Etonenses.*"

And so, in the following January, some two hundred Etonians were once more treated to the delights of beagling after a lapse of three years since Parker hunted the E.C.H. It was not a good season so far as regards kills. How could it have

been with only seven couples of old hounds in the kennels? But some wonderfully good runs were provided, and I remember after one good day returning an hour and three-quarters late for lock-up. F. M. G. Glyn, the Master, was a good runner, and beagling became very popular. Only three hares were killed in all, two of them on one day. The first of these was killed in the boys' part of Mr. Marten's house, to the immense delight of the owner. Another hare was killed in a garden close to Chalvey Grove, and I remember an old woman trying to sweep hounds away with a broomstick.

Here I will give the personal reminiscences of T. C. Barnett-Barker, Master in the season 1919–20, which will bring us right up to date, and will describe better than any words of mine the final triumph of hunting at Eton and the situation of beagling to-day.

"During my first two years at Eton (1915 and 1916) I was a Lower Boy. To a Lower Boy beagling is generally forbidden, and consequently only rumours reached me about the beagles. Once or twice I was fagged to kennels, but I only took a furtive glance at the hounds.

"My third year, when the customary notice came round asking for the names of prospective beaglers, I decided to make the experiment. This decision was not made without a feeling of misgiving, as I thought it more a sport for my elders and betters, because in those days all the 'celebrities' beagled, or so it seemed to me at the time. Some of my friends took me to the first meet, and I remember being haunted by the childish yet awful idea that I might do something wrong. However, one soon learnt there was not much time for doing wrong, the only necessity being to try to keep up with hounds

"Vaguely I remember struggling and inwardly praying for a check. When at last I did catch up, it was generally time to go home, unless one wished to violate the laws of lock-up. As yet I was not one of those 'bravos' who cared little for their tutors and lock-up, yet inwardly admiring them and longing to be one of them. And so it was that with persistent regularity I used to reach my house just as the lock-up bells broke out.

"The after-sensations of a day's beagling are hard to describe, but all who beagle with a true heart know the infinite joy of sitting in a comfortable armchair by a warm fire just 'thinking it over.'

"Before the end of my first season I had made friends with the kennel huntsman, of whom more hereafter, and even began to criticise inwardly the Master and whips, so conceited was I.

"Mentioning whips, I remember one day, when nearly all the field had gone home after a poor day, we found a hare which took us a two mile point before we checked. When I arrived on the scene I remember the Master saying, 'Congratulations, you may have your whips.' From that day the height of my ambition at Eton was fixed.

"The War was now in full swing, and the authorities bowed to the demands for economy by demanding that the pack should be disbanded, or, more accurately, sent out to walk. It was not for me to criticise, but it was never quite clear to me how economy was effected, all that happened being that the hounds were overfed individually instead of being economically fed as a pack.

"During this awful period I often used to walk to the forsaken kennels on Sunday and 'talk hunting' with Champion, the huntsman. At last the War was over, and before long the survivors of the old field began to talk about reassembling the pack.

"At first every one seemed against it, though probably this was more fancy than fact. Old Etonians were not silent on our behalf: they signed petitions, wrote letters, and in fact did all they could do. Probably it all helped, and the Head Master met them half-way, and said his decision would rest on the goodwill of the farmers, which he proposed to ascertain by sending a letter to each of those over whose ground we normally hunted.

"The result of those letters was that 97% of the farmers were not only willing but anxious to have the beagles back. It was not until it fell to my lot to visit these farmers, as representative of the E.C.H., that I quite realised the reason for so much generosity on their part.

"The next difficulty was to find a suitable Master. Several enterprising individuals offered their services, and finally a Master was chosen from amongst the few left who had been at all conspicuous in the old field.

"Just as things looked brighter, and five couples of old hounds had been collected, we were put in the Rabies area, and only by the individual efforts of my predecessors did we finally get a permit to hunt. The first official hunt was a surprise to every one; the surprise being the field, it seemed as if all Eton had turned out, in reality about 400. Of these 400 nearly all were what, for want of a better term, I got to know as the 'Middle Class.' By this term 'Middle Class' I mean neither the very small nor the very big, and all celebrities were conspicuous by their absence. This gave me extreme satisfaction,

T. C. BARNETT-BARKER'S YEAR. 1920–21.

R. H. B. Arkwright. Hon. C. G. Cubitt. C. E. K. Stephenson.
G. M. Crossman. J. Judd. P. B. Acland. A. L. Barclay. W. Halswell.
I. W. H. Thompson. J. M. Hopkinson *(1st Whip)*. T. C. Gouldsmith *(2nd Whip)*.
A. C. Crossley *(3rd Whip)*. T. C. Barnett-Barker *(Master)*. H. R. Barton.

for I felt that all who were out were out to see the sport, and not to disport before their humbler brethren.

"Cutting the story short, we had runs which would do credit to any five couple of old hounds, but somewhat naturally we could not kill, and the result was that the field dwindled, until only the keenest were left.

"Near the close of the season I was made third whip. My summer was spent in selfishly hoping the other whips would leave before next season, which they most kindly did do, and I entered the winter (1920) as Master.

"Thanks to the kindness of certain benefactors and by dint of judicious buying, we now had 13 couples of hounds, and my hopes rose accordingly.

"I soon found in Mr. R. S. de Havilland, the Treasurer, the kindest and most sympathetic supporter. He gave me the impression that, whatever might go wrong and whatever every one else thought, he would always be on my side and ready to back the beagles against any one. From him I soon mastered what I might call the 'etiquette' of the hunt, and all the small delicacies which surrounded it.

"The practical side came from another quarter, and in the shape of none other than the renowned kennelman, Champion. He is probably one of the most delightful and certainly the most entertaining character I came across. Many a day I used to go up to kennels to listen to him tell stories. The seriousness which accompanied the most obvious remarks was a continual source of delight. A riddle of his about the Mayor of Cork I shall never forget, but unfortunately it was quite unrepeatable.

"No one could pass old Champion without an allusion to his family. At present they number four, and include himself, his wife, a son and a small daughter. No one could be more obliging and kind-hearted than Mrs. Champion, always ready to offer you a seat by a warm fire, and in fact to do those hundred and one things that 'always count.' As to George, I remember him before the War stopped us, when, though far younger than any of us, he used to keep going all day and never give in; after the War he seemed almost grown up and became like an auxiliary whip to me, his help at times being quite indispensable. He could run and keep up better than our best, and none of us were keener sportsmen. Lastly, though only a T.Y.O. filly, the youngest member already knows all the hounds by name, and they certainly all know her, willingly offering their backs for a ride.

"Well, to leave this wonderful family I go back to where we

found them. I soon learnt from Champion my first duty was to visit all the farmers over whose land we hunted, some thirty in all.

"Starting with those near home, I at once discovered a most agreeable fact, for they were all so kind and generous that I soon realised why it was that only 3% had any objection to us restarting after the War. One day I am going to farm myself, so we had a good ground for conversation that helped to break the ice after an informal introduction. It was then that I got to know them, and knowing them meant liking them.

"I cannot pay these farmers a greater tribute than to say that no one of them ever showed me anything but the greatest civility and kindness. Of course, some pointed out perfectly legitimate annoyances, but they never showed any bitterness in expressing them. It is with a certain feeling of bitterness that one realises that all we give in return to these farmers, who offer their crops to trample and hedges to break, is a brace of pheasants and a hare if they are lucky.

"Of course I could fill a book with accounts of our sport that winter, but I must confine myself to a few remarks. Any success we had when I was Master was not due in any degree to me, but to the hounds. I believe all the joy of beagling, and its value as a sport, is to watch the hounds work, and with a good pack the less the Master interferes the better, and then only when the hounds seem to look to him for help. Of course I am prejudiced, but our pack seemed to me close on perfection by the time we reached the Easter Half: steady, obedient and fast; to watch them spread like a fan at a check and then a whimper (no babblers, mind!), and all the pack were away again raising their enchanting song.

"I never wanted a show pack; what I wanted were good noses, good bone, good feet. Noses they certainly had, and the way the eight season bitches stayed was enough indication of bone and feet. We try to keep the pack between 14½ inches and 15½ inches, as this will give a pace which allows all to see a good share of the run, and it also allows one to kill hares, and, since all packs seemed to be judged (in my opinion quite wrongly) by the number of hares they kill, it follows you must have speed in your pack. This is especially the case when hares are too numerous, and unless you press your hare continually a change is inevitable.

"Before finishing I should like to add a word about the rumour which at one time was rampant, that half the beaglers spent their time in smoking and other divers amusements. All

I can say is that, whatever foundations there were for starting the rumour (it started long before my time), there is certainly very little reason for going on with it.

"The popularity of beagling amongst Masters, boys, farmers, and even outsiders, is very fast on the increase, and may beagling at Eton one day fulfil my most extravagant dreams, for I assure you there is no better training for mind and body to be got anywhere for the modest sum of two pounds."*

To T. C. Barnett-Barker it is impossible to render sufficient praise. His interest in the E.C.H. was whole-hearted. He was not a great runner. He had not a particularly good hound voice. But nevertheless, his perseverance and keenness overcame everything, and he provided the only thing necessary to render beagling at Eton as popular as it has ever been, a really good season. To kill 36 hares in 49 hunting days with a pack consisting largely of eight season hounds is a great achievement.† But this is what he did, and now it will be comparatively easy for future Masters to continue showing good sport.

During Barnett-Barker's Mastership Mr. R. S. de Havilland, who had filled the post of Treasurer since 1899, expressed his intention of resigning. He was presented with an illuminated address by the hunt. I have already mentioned how much he had done for the beagles. His death has caused a vacancy at Eton which it is impossible to refill, and the E.C.H. has lost its best friend. No stauncher supporter ever existed. *Requiescat in pace.*

Mr. E. V. Slater has taken on the duties of Treasurer, and has already proved himself to be a worthy successor to his great predecessor.

And what of Champion? Or should I say of the Champions, for the family now consists of four? Champion married in 1903, and the family besides himself are his wife, than who no kinder or more courteous woman ever existed, his son George, who with the blood of so many huntsmen in his veins is certain to prove his worth, and who is already showing that he is inheriting his father's knowledge and love of hounds, and his five-year-old daughter Marjory, to whom the hounds are always ready to lend their backs for a ride. Those readers who have ever had the pleasure of knowing Champion will be pleased to hear that he ran third in the veterans' race at the police sports at Aylesbury,

* Since Barnett-Barker's days the subscription has been lowered to £1 10s.

† Perhaps this is a fitting place to mention that Bambridge & Co. by Windsor Bridge set up both masks and pads extremely well.

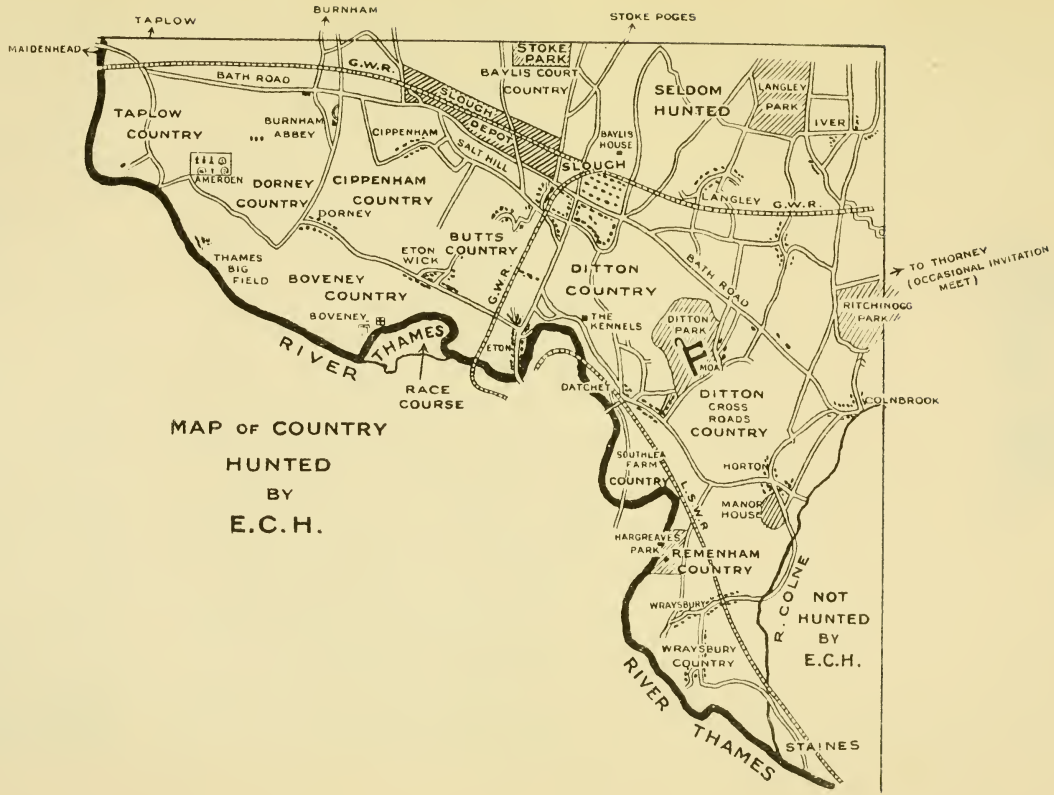
and could have been first, only he went for the third prize, a spacious and very comfortable walnut chair.

During this Michaelmas Half, season 1921–2, the hounds have shown very fair sport, in spite of an execrable scent on dry hard land, and have killed eleven hares. Thanks to the very kind loan of six couples of hounds by Capt. E. C. Portman, the pack is well up to the standard of last year's, and every one can look forward with optimism to the future.

How can I end this history more appropriately than by the words which have closed every season's beagling in the Journal Book for the last twenty years, and portray the hopes of any one who has ever hunted with the E.C.H.?

FLOREANT CANES ETONENSES.

THE KILL.



MAP OF COUNTRY HUNTED BY E.C.H.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

HARES.

By Major Arthur T. Fisher.

It would be indeed regrettable if our British hare were exterminated; yet, some thirty years ago, such seemed by no means impossible, for our stock was so rapidly diminishing that it was with difficulty that the Committee of some coursing meetings could make their arrangements. But since that time normal conditions have returned, and hares are to-day apparently as abundant as before the passing of the Ground Game Act.

Hares afford a large amount of sport, to say nothing of their value as most excellent food. To the lovers of Natural History their habits and ways are full of interest. For several years my home was situated at the foot of the Wiltshire Downs, where I rented a long strip of shooting, some two or three miles in length, and so had ample opportunity afforded me of studying their habits.

It seems that we have at least some four distinct varieties of the hare in Britain. First, there is the comparatively small hare of the Midlands, perhaps more valuable for its edible qualities than for sport; the marsh hare, better for sport than table; the large long leggy hare of the Downlands, and the blue mountain hare of Scotland, which turns nearly to quite white in winter.

Many years ago I wrote and published a work entitled *Outdoor Life in England*. At the present time it is out of

print, though I have some idea of republishing it in an abridged and less expensive form. In it I dealt somewhat at length on the subject of hares, and it seems that I can hardly do better than quote some portions at the present time.

Hares love to squat on the hillsides out of the wind, and with their heads to it; east and west winds are those to which they least object, but, when a cold northerly or a rain-laden southerly wind prevails, they betake themselves off to the hedge-rows and coverts. The barest looking ground is often selected by them; and a hole, scratched out on the leeward side of a mole-hill or a broken bank, affords comfortable shelter; and there, unless disturbed, they will sit throughout the day, asleep with wide-open eyes, or survey the world around them until it is time to caper off to supper in the turnips.

The ears of a hare are singularly adapted for hearing—more especially, sounds from behind them. The size and position of their eyes enable them to see around and behind them. Strange to say, however, it is easier to approach a hare from the front than from any other direction. This fact is, perhaps, due to the position of the eyes, which are situated somewhat on the side of the head, and backward rather than forward. In that delightful old book, Jesse's *Gleanings in Natural History*—published nearly a hundred years ago—the author makes the following statement: "I have observed in coursing that, if a hare, when she is startled from her form, has her ears down, she is a weak runner; but, if one of her ears is carried erect, the hare generally beats the dogs." I have never proved the truth of this assertion.

Unlike rabbits, hares are born with their eyes open, and are covered with hair. They seem to breed during the greater part of the year. As a rule, they produce two at a birth, though three are by no means uncommon. One naturalist mentions a case in which a hare gave birth to no fewer than seven young ones.

Years ago a labourer, whom I occasionally employed as a hedger, brought a live leveret to me, stating that it was one of three which had been born outside his garden, and informed me that whenever three were produced at a birth they invariably had a white star mark on their foreheads. I was somewhat sceptical as to the truth of this, but I have since ascertained that some naturalists assert this to be a fact. I kept the leveret until it had developed into a full grown hare, when I gave it away. It had grown very tame, and would sit out under the large wire run in front of its coop and play with the spaniels. These latter used to lie about in the sun close to the wire

"creep," the hare drumming at them with its fore feet. I have often seen a happy family composed of several spaniels round the cage, two cats sitting on the top, several white fantail pigeons, and, not infrequently, some pied wagtails fearlessly running about on the grass within a few yards.

We are accustomed to regard a hare as one of the most timid of all animals, and in a state of nature this is the case. When, however, they are kept in confinement, and have been tamed, they not only lose their shyness to a very great extent, but are at times capable of exhibiting an amount of ferocity hardly credible; and instances have been recorded of their having completely beaten off a dog. A relation of mine was well acquainted with a lady in one of our northern towns who kept two hares, which she had succeeded in taming, and which were very much attached to her. On her return home, after a

prolonged absence of some three or four months, and visiting her pets, they had, apparently, not only lost their affection for her, but attacked her in so savage and determined a manner that she was forced to beat a retreat. I have every reason to believe in the absolute truth of this statement. Unlike rabbits hares prefer solitude. It is an almost unknown thing to put up two hares which have "seated" together. Even the young ones, as soon as they are weaned, appear to separate themselves, and will lie couched some fifty or sixty yards away from the doe. In hilly countries hares prefer to lie as near to the top of a hill as the weather permits of their doing. The reason for this is probably because the length of their hind legs enables them to tread uphill better than down. When, however, they are forced to take downhill, feeling their inability to descend in a straight line, they invariably travel in an oblique direction. If pressed hard down a very steep incline, they are apt, at times, to turn head over heels.

It is unusual to find hares "seated" under a hedgerow, except in stormy weather, when no other protection is available. As a rule, they prefer to make their "forms" in the centre of a field, probably for greater security. In mild, drizzly weather they generally move up to the higher grounds, or seek the shelter of a gorse bush.

As everyone is aware, a hare is capable of giving a pack of hounds infinitely more trouble to kill than a fox. It is the exception for a hare to run straight away from hounds for any great distance, though occasionally it will take a line as straight as that of a fox. The account of a run with some harriers in one of our Eastern Counties, in which, after affording a rattling gallop, the hare took out to sea in the Wash, was recorded in the *Field*. The pack referred to was kept by a relation of mine. For those who are able to appreciate the hunting and working of hounds, hare-hunting affords greater opportunities for witnessing the intricate difficulties of hunting by scent than any similar description of sport. The man who is able to hunt harriers well and successfully should be able to account for a fox, although the tactics of the two animals pursued are different; for, whereas a forward cast will generally succeed in hitting off the line of a fox when hounds are at fault, nine times out of ten it is on one of the backward casts that the true line of a hare will be found. It may well be said that the direction a lost hare has taken will most surely be the one which appears to be the least likely. It is the constant "doubling" which renders hare-hunting so difficult. The best pack of harriers I ever saw at work was one belonging to a Mr. Jeffreys. In colour they were black and tan, owing to a strong infusion of the blood-hound cross. These hounds, which were notorious, were exceedingly well handled by their owner, who contrived to account for an incredible number of hares in the course of the season. They were somewhat light-limbed, very speedy, and possessed the most wondrous noses. No matter what the weather or the country might be, they could pick up a scent where other hounds could not own a yard, and even in the driest road or fallow in March.

Hare-shooting is but poor sport, and to my view, even under the best circumstances, vastly inferior to good rabbit shooting. To miss a hare within easy distance in the open is inexcusable, and to shoot at one at a doubtful range still more so.

I am very much inclined to the opinion that, unless coursed or hunted, a hare is by no means deserving of the high repute in which it is held for table purposes, and there is, moreover, comparatively little of its flesh worth eating. The following

method of preparing a hare for table may possibly be found useful. After skinning the animal, immerse it in vinegar and water with a few juniper berries for twelve or even twenty-four hours previous to roasting. By this means it will be found little, if at all, inferior to a coursed or hunted hare.

I refer my readers to the *Satires* of Horace (II. 4):

> "Si vespertinus subito te oppresserit hospes,
> Ne gallina malum responset dura palato,
> Doctus eris vivam mixto mersare Falerno;
> Hoc teneram faciet."

Hare skins are useful for a variety of purposes. The country people make them into waistcoats—chest preservers; the fur from the face and ears forms an admirable body, either natural or dyed, for certain trout flies such as the "Rough Olive Dun," "Blue Dun," "Sedge Flies," etc.

The hind feet are most useful for oiling guns and such like articles. They were—in former days—much used by those ladies who preferred to supply the complexion which they lacked by a use of the rouge pot; and the bones of the hind legs, when scraped and polished, are capable of being converted into very handsome cigarette holders. So, all things considered, a hare may be said to be a most useful animal.

Besides hunting, coursing, or shooting, various illegitimate methods are employed in capturing hares, most commonly that known as "wiring," to my mind detestable in every sense of the word. A person well skilled in setting a hare wire can make pretty certain of success. It is, however, a practice usually confined to the poaching fraternity, who are far more skilful in the use of a wire than keepers. An experienced eye can very readily detect the difference between a poacher's and a keeper's wire, whether it is set for hares or rabbits. An old hand can utilise a bramble with nearly as certain success as a wire, and with far less fear of detection, always provided that there happens to be a bramble growing near enough to the run of a hare for the purpose. It is somewhat difficult to explain, without the aid of an illustration, the difference between a wire set by a keeper and that set by a poacher; but, if the two are compared, the difference is very perceptible. Keepers twist their wires far too much as a general rule, and, although they present a very much neater appearance, they are not nearly so destructive; their wires, too, are generally hand-twisted. A skilful poacher never twists his wire by hand, and is careful not to touch the wire more than he can help during its manufacture,

using for the purpose of twisting the strands a weight which is attached to each separate one, and by moving which the necessary degree of twist is imparted, ever taking care to make the twist as slight as possible. A poacher is well aware of the value of an old wire, always provided it is sound and good, preferring it to a new one. The general effect of such a wire when set appears clumsy to an inexperienced eye, but a closer inspection will show the care and skill with which it has been laid. Keepers, as a rule, set wires to catch rabbits or hares for their employers, whereas poachers do so for themselves. On one occasion, when shooting with a friend, we took up some thirty or forty rabbit wires which had been set by a poacher; and the next day my friend found a basket containing upwards of forty more, all of which he gave to an old man in his employ. Curiously enough, we afterwards discovered that these wires had been set by the grandson of the man to whom they were given, who, of course, was not a little pleased to have his property restored to him.

Another method of taking hares, adopted by poachers and the lower class of gipsies, is to place a net across a gateway through which hares are known to pass, and then to send a trained lurcher into the adjoining fields to beat up the hare. Calling hares by means of a hare-call, and then suddenly shooting them or suddenly slipping a lurcher on to them, is a plan occasionally pursued. An ordinary tobacco pipe, provided it has a mouthpiece, makes an excellent call-pipe. The call is produced by pressing the mouthpiece against the lips, which must be nearly closed, sucking in the air, placing the ball of the thumb on the bowl of the pipe, and again quickly removing it. It is easy to produce the required sound with a very little practice.

The following may interest the reader. On the afternoon of Easter Day 1895, I was walking in the water-meadows in front of my house in company with my wife and a friend who had two well-broken retrievers with him. My wife left us, returning to the house by a bridge which used to span the river intervening between my house and the meadows, and which is at that point some forty or fifty yards in width, the current being at the time strong and deep. For some days previously I had noticed a hare in the meadow, and on this occasion she jumped up some two hundred yards from where we were standing in the centre of the field, raced round the meadow, and eventually made straight for the river. The dogs had remained perfectly steady at heel, though fully aware of what was happening. Without the slightest hesitation she plunged boldly out into the stream,

swam rapidly across, and scampered up the bank, where, seeing my wife, who had been watching the performance, she turned aside and bolted away through the garden. It was strange that she should have elected to swim so broad a river in preference to making her escape by either of the two sides of the field which lay open to her, more especially since she had not been chased or unduly disturbed in any way. The meadow is a very large one, bounded on one side by the river in question, and on another by a small tributary stream. The animal did not appear particularly frightened either before or after her voyage. Perhaps she was suffering from the insanity to which March hares are proverbially supposed to be addicted. It was, certainly, a somewhat eccentric and unaccountable performance.

In the summer of 1915—when fishing—a hare started up from the opposite side of the river, and swam across not very many yards from where I was, and, in that instance also, it had not been scared or startled in any way, and there was nothing else in the field she started from but an old piebald pony placidly feeding at some distance away. What made it a still more curious performance was that I had a small terrier with me which was nosing about the bank on my side of the river, and the hare passed only a few yards above him.

CHAPTER II.

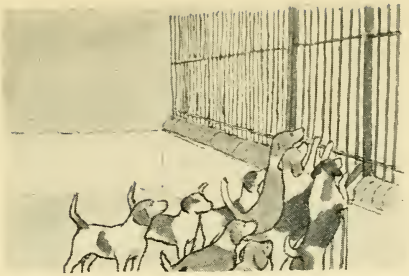
KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

By H. H. Howard-Vyse.

KENNEL management falls under three headings, the arrangement of the kennels themselves, feeding, and exercise. It may be said at once that the management of beagles should be on precisely the same lines as that of any other hounds; and the best way of learning to build up and maintain a good pack of beagles is without doubt to study closely the methods which obtain in any of the first class foxhound kennels. The only differences to bear in mind, apart from the obvious one of size, are that beagles are more delicate and are more apt to be nervous. The latter point needs especially to be remembered in dealing with brood bitches and young entry.

The kennels themselves should be like foxhound kennels in miniature, well ventilated and adequately drained, but warm. The benches should be raised about one foot off the ground, and there should be a raised edge, eight inches higher, to prevent the bedding from slipping off on to the floor. The benches should be hinged and fitted with a short chain which can be hooked on to a staple in the wall. The object of this is to enable the bench to be raised while the kennelman swills or sweeps out underneath it. It need hardly be said that cleanliness is all-important. In order to ensure fresh water the kennel should be fitted with a tap running into a trough about ten inches from the ground. On hunting days an extra liberal amount of clean straw should be provided, to enable hounds to dry themselves quickly. As for foxhounds, an open air yard must be attached to the kennel.

Separate small enclosed kennels are of course necessary for brood bitches and sick hounds. For the former, quiet is important. For sick hounds, which require to be kept particularly warm, these should be provided with wooden floors; and, if it can conveniently be done, a hot water pipe, brought possibly from the boiler house, will add greatly to the comfort. In sick kennels a liberal use of sawdust and of disinfectants is essential.



FEEDING TIME.

GEORGE CHAMPION.

DABBLER.

GIPSY AND RASPER.

During the summer hounds must be kept exercised, and it is a good thing to let them stand about in grass fields, when it will be found that they will eat a quantity of grass and of earth, both of which are admirable for their digestion. As the hunting season approaches, exercise must be increased up to twenty miles a day. Ponies or bicycles are useful for this, but the pace should not exceed seven miles an hour, except for sharp bursts of a few hundred yards to open the hounds' pipes. It is more important that they should spend a long time out of kennel than that they should cover great distances.

A hunt servant should ride behind to keep hounds up and on one side of the road; they should be taught to come over quickly on to whichever side of the road the huntsman wants them. In these days of motors this is absolutely essential.

For feeding, the best oatmeal must be used, boiled the day before it is required to such an extent that when cold it almost forms the consistency of jelly. In cool weather it will keep for four or five days. Meat should be given in the form of broth with the meat left in it and chopped small, more being required in the hunting season than in summer. Raw meat every now and again is a good thing, especially for those hounds which have a tendency to eczema. To keep the blood cool the broth should contain, especially in summer, vegetables, or the young tops of nettles; mangolds too are beneficial, if well boiled. Hounds should be fed once a day only, and must be walked out for at least half an hour immediately afterwards.

Brood bitches require to be fed twice a day, and their rations should include milk and raw meat. They must not be allowed to get too fat, and must be given plenty of exercise. A dose of salts just before whelping is a good thing.

Whelps should be left on the dam as long as possible, but, to help her, they should be persuaded to begin to lap at about a month old; at about the same age they should be given a mild dose for worms—ruby syrup is recommended. Their food should be gradually thickened up with soaked bread crust or biscuit. At first they should be fed twice a day, then thrice, and finally, when they are weaned at about ten weeks, four times a day. Raw meat, very finely chopped, should be given as soon as they will eat it, about as much as will fill a tea spoon, once a day at first, and later double the quantity. At about three months old the feeds can be gradually reduced till, soon after four months, the young hounds can be fed like the rest of the pack.

For the benefit of their coats and skins all hounds should be dressed twice during the summer with oil and sulphur, which

should be left on for at least forty-eight hours. If it is considered advisable to wash hounds for vermin, a weak solution of MacDougall's sheep dip should be used. For the treatment of vermin Keating's powder, and for cuts carbolic oil must always be on hand. For eczema, a dose of salts, a dressing of oil and sulphur, and a diet of raw meat are advised. For distemper, the most important things are to keep the hound warm and to treat him as an invalid for three weeks after he is apparently well. Every effort must be made to make him feed, the best diet being soup, milk and fish.

But the essence of kennel management is that the kennelman should be observant, so that he at once detects any symptoms of illness or lameness.

CHAPTER III.

BEAGLING.

By G. H. Longman.

Though perhaps it may be too much to say that hunting the hare on foot with a pack of 15-in. beagles is the most interesting method of pursuing the animal, still, if the evenness of the chances is to be the criterion of interest, certainly the contest between a good pack of beagles and a strong hare—the odds being slightly in favour of the latter—presents sport in its truest elements.

A good pack of these little hounds will no doubt on a good scenting day account for any hare, barring accidents; but these accidents are extremely numerous, the first and foremost being the rising up in the middle of the pack of a fresh hare just as the hunted animal is evidently sinking. This mishap occurs more frequently than any other, and is generally irremediable. Imagine a large ploughed field of stiff clay, the hunted hare down, and hounds just feathering on the line, scent having become a little weak. The huntsman is nearest (and all praise to him, as hounds have run hard for forty minutes!); he has pulled up to a walk, for the clay land clings to each boot with a tenacity which renders even walking a wearisome struggle. He knows well that the moment is critical, as there are probably fresh hares lying in the field; that scent may so far fail as to compel him to make a cast; and that this will certainly increase the already imminent danger of a change. He is just stopping, in order to keep well away from his hounds, when he almost treads on a fresh hare which gets up under his feet. She heads straight for the pack, but our huntsman stands still as death; puss, seeing hounds, swerves away without their catching a view, and the danger of a change is for the moment past. But our huntsman's eyes are at work, and he presently observes a dark form stealing away about a hundred yards in front of the pack. He looks again, makes sure that it is *his* hare, and then, blowing his horn, has his hounds to him in a trice, while he gamely struggles through the clay at the best pace he can muster towards

the spot where the hunted hare has disappeared over a brow, her arched back betraying her distressed condition, so that if only hounds can get a view they must kill her.

The game is well-nigh won; but unfortunately the hounds' heads are up, and, a fresh hare rising in their very midst, away goes the whole pack, running the stranger in view. Really well under control as they are, no amount of rating or horn-blowing will stop them unless someone can get round them. Get round them! Alas, anyone who has run with beagles knows the impossibility of this until hounds check! It is, moreover, quite likely that they will run without checking for at least twenty minutes, and then what prospect will there be of recovering the line of the hunted hare? Some slight chance indeed there is, for a tired hare always stops, so that, if any vestige of a line can be shown, hounds may work up to and re-find her. Far oftener, however, all trace has vanished, when they are brought back to the spot where she was last seen.

But let us describe a day's sport with beagles, starting with the supposition that the master is sufficiently energetic to be up and at it by six o'clock on a beautiful October morning; for not only are hares scarce in the district over which he proposes to hunt, the consequence being that he will have a better chance of a find by getting on the trail, but he also desires to give his young entry the lesson for which running a hare's trail up to her form is so admirably adapted.

There has been rain, but it passed away on the previous afternoon, and after a brilliant night the ground is covered with a heavy dew. Our huntsman is wise to begin operations thus early, for now scent is probably good; whereas when the sun has reached any height the atmospheric conditions will, as a rule, become less favourable.

Let us linger for a moment by the gate, where hounds are clustered round their huntsman, some jumping up at him, and others making an unprofessional use of their tuneful voices, a transgression which, however, elicits but a faint-hearted rate, for our huntsman loves his hounds intensely, and feels almost inclined to encourage a breach of etiquette which only enhances his already keen sense of enjoyment.

It is a charming scene. A country roadside which forms the boundary between some rough grass meadows leading down to a stream on the one side, and a heather common on the other, gently undulating towards a piece of water, to which the wild duck are just coming in from the stream where they have spent the night. Even now a few duck are to be seen overhead, the

whistle of their wings first making us aware of their presence. They are circling high above us, not daring to pitch, and will probably take a fresh flight to another and larger sheet of water about three miles further on.

We must, however, return to the pack. The Master is moving off, and as he waves the pack over a bank into the heather any hound throwing his tongue will be severely dealt with if the whipper-in can only get near enough to administer one cut, accompanied by "Ware riot, Melody!" for business has begun.

Ten couple of hounds there are in all, and two couple of them are unentered. Melody is one of these, and while there must be no question of sparing the rod, we have a fellow-feeling for her exuberance of spirits. The delinquent already has her stern up once more (it was momentarily lowered on receipt of the whipper-in's practical rebuke), and is as busy as any of them, flinging here and there, and pushing her way into a cluster of hounds which look remarkably busy, for, yes! they have already struck a line, no doubt of a hare returning from feeding in the grass meadows adjoining the common.

The huntsman maintains a masterly inactivity, merely rating any hound which shows an inclination to dwell on the line. Now they are running quite merrily across the heather, but come to a stop where the hare has taken to one of the paths which abound hereabouts. She has run the path for quite eighty yards, and only the older hounds can carry the line along it, the body of the pack casting about, and showing a slight inclination to run heel. The huntsman, however, holds them forward, walking quietly along the path, well in rear of those hounds who are carrying the line.

These tactics result in a pretty hit, for, although the hare has run the road for eighty yards, she has run her foil for at least twenty-five before flinging off, so that the body hit the line out of the path while the old hounds are still picking out the scent further along; but these at once go to cry, and the whole pack flings briskly forward. The huntsman allows them very ample room, knowing that puss has very likely made her form not far away. See! they have overrun the scent, and, as they spread back fan-like to recover the line, up jumps the hare and off they go, running in view for a short distance, and then taking up the line with a chorus which at once proclaims a scent.

The whipper-in is lying wide, and succeeds in turning the hare out of a broad sandy path which would otherwise undoubtedly have caused a check; and away they go over the open heather at a

pace which tries our wind terribly. The pack head straight for a sort of island farm which lies on a hill side in the middle of the heather, cross it, and, emerging once more at the top of the hill, run beautifully over the heathery flat until they come to a main road, where they check long enough to enable the huntsman to get up to them.

A pretty picture is displayed! A fine stretch of heather extending for some miles, through which the old main road from London to Portsmouth runs, with now and again considerable stretches of fir woods forming a dark fringe to the view, whilst over the fir tops the sun, just emerging, adds a sparkling brightness to the landscape, which would be alone sufficient to repay the early start. The busy pack makes a beautiful foreground, flinging here and there in search of the momentarily vanished clue. Mark that veteran of the pack, well known for his wide and independent casts; the huntsman's eye is on him, and he moves quietly in his direction, without, however, so much as whistling to his hounds.

He has judged wisely, for Challenger unmistakably has the line and speaks to it confidently, just as the huntsman gets near enough to put in with good effect, "Hark to Challenger!" and hounds, flying to cry, take up the running with a chorus which it does one's heart good to hear. They have, however, only run about a hundred yards when they check quite suddenly, once more spreading out like a fan. But they are only momentarily at fault. Poor puss is down, her heart having failed her after coming about two miles straight, and she is up and off in view as soon as the hounds, who have slightly overrun the scent, spread back to where she has clapped. She heads for home, and hounds run fast for another fifteen minutes before checking on the island farm which they crossed in the first burst.

The sun is getting strong by this time, and scent does not serve so well on the arable land. Hounds slowly carry the line into the middle of a newly ploughed hillside field, and gradually come to a stop. Evidently the hare is forward, so, after leaving his hounds alone sufficiently long to enable them to recover the line, unassisted if they can, the huntsman resolves on a cast "forrard." He whistles his hounds to him, and at a gentle double casts them round the fence from about opposite to where they checked, keeping his hounds in front of him, and giving them time to try as they go. Almost immediately one of the puppies speaks, and out pops a rabbit right under his nose. The huntsman rates "Ware rabbit!" and, very much to their credit, none of the old hounds break away. It is, however, altogether

too much for the puppies, who every one of them courses the rabbit for about a hundred yards in full cry.

Luckily the interloper runs up hill along the fence, so the delinquents are easily stopped by the whipper-in, who is lying back, and turned to the master's horn. It may here be remarked that it is comparatively easy to stop beagles from rabbits in the open. The pack the writer has in mind would always stop if rated when a rabbit got up in an open field; but in covert, where one could not easily get at them, the case was very different, and you might holloa yourself hoarse without producing much effect. Master Bunny, however, only caused a momentary diversion, and hounds, having struck the line in the bottom corner of the fence, are once more chiming away merrily over the heather in the direction of puss's original form.

Will they catch her? Well, if she is a leveret her bolt must be nearly shot, but if she is an old hare—and she is big enough! —she will lead the pack a merry dance for another good half-hour before giving in. So is the fight fought between poor puss and her enemies the beagles. Sometimes a circle; sometimes a straight bolt and then as a rule clapping till hounds are over her, and getting up behind them, making her way home again; sometimes, though not often, making a long point and dying some five miles from home. I once recollect a hare being found close to the brook near which hounds were thrown off, as above described, making a point of five miles over the heather, and being eventually killed in the grounds of a well-known public school situated in that district. This is, however, an exceptional occurrence.

Many and varied are the incidents which occur during the chase of a hare. Often have we been hopelessly at fault on that common, when, to our joy, we have beheld a hat held aloft on some neighbouring hill. We know that hat well. It belongs to the most arrant poacher in the neighbourhood; he is the best hand at seeing a hare sitting in the whole countryside, and he knows a hunted hare when he sees her. We tried at one time to reclaim him by paying him more for every hare he found for us than he could get for one dead in the public-house. No use! the instinct was far too strong, and only a week or two after the beginning of the compact "the Long 'un," as he was called—for he was a tall fellow—was caught setting a snare one Sunday morning.

When we were drawing for a hare he would walk with his hands behind him, and, turning his head slowly from side to side, would cover all ground within fifty yards as well as any setter.

Probably before very long he would suddenly stop, and, indicating a certain spot perhaps twenty yards away, would quite quietly remark, "There she sets!" Surely enough there she did sit; though as often as not his eye alone could discern Madam Puss crouched in her heathery form. A wonderfully observant man he must have been, and great fun we used to have about him; but as to reclaiming him, you might as well have asked him not to eat—or drink, for it must be regretfully admitted he was at least as fond of liquid as of solid nourishment.

He was often in gaol—always for poaching—and, as the keeper used to say, "The Long 'un always came out fatter than he went in!" so his home fare was probably neither plentiful in quantity nor of an Epicurean quality. He never bore malice, as the following incident shows. He had been in gaol for poaching on the common above described. His sentence expired on a Saturday, and as a party of us were walking on the following Sunday afternoon along one of the footpaths which thread the common, who should appear round a corner but our friend, just fresh from gaol?

What did he do? Why, he lifted his hat, and wished us good-day in the cheeriest manner possible, just as if he had met us by appointment to help find a hare for the beagles.

Probably he was there for no very legitimate purpose, but at the moment he was, of course, on the footpath, where he had as much right to be as anyone else; and one could hardly help sympathising with the love of sporting adventure which was doubtless the main cause of his poaching proclivities. At any rate, he found us many a hare, and was an important factor in bringing not a few to hand.

No attempt has been made to describe in detail the different methods of hunting beagles, or the different stamp of beagle which is suitable for different countries, as all these points have been dealt with in the Hunting volume of the "Badminton Library." The writer has merely attempted to place before the reader a picture (very imperfect, doubtless) of such leading episodes in this sport as he has himself witnessed many and many a time; and if the picture should by any lucky chance induce any reader of these pages to be "up and at it" by six o'clock in the morning, and test for himself the enjoyment of watching a good pack of beagles at work, he will, if he has any hunting instinct at all in him, assuredly be well repaid, and the writer will not have written in vain.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HUMANITARIAN ASPECT.

By Col. Robertson-Aikman.

I HAVE been asked to contribute some remarks on the humanitarian aspect of hare hunting, much having been written to the Press on its cruelty, especially in reference to the E.C.H. —a hunt that has been singled out for opprobrium by people to whom must no doubt be attributed well-meaning and humanitarian feelings, but who it seems to me fail to recognise natural laws or to take a broad-minded or unbiased view of sport in general or to realise that they have not the monopoly of humane feelings.

To commence with, what is cruelty? The infliction of pain need not necessarily constitute cruelty, else many things besides sport must be condemned. The infliction of unnecessary pain is where cruelty begins, and this is reprehensible and inexcusable. I think the subject must be approached with a sense of proportion, and must be treated comparatively. All animals have to meet their death, and those that are used for human food an untimely death at the hand of man, and the chief object to be kept in view is the avoidance of inflicting unnecessary pain. This should be every true sportsman's aim.

Nature herself is cruel, beasts and birds of prey being the worst offenders. Who that has seen a cat with a mouse but is not moved with pity and made to wonder why things have been so ordained?

Venery has been in vogue since the days of primitive man, when he hunted for the means of subsistence; and nowadays, when it is practised as a manly pastime for exercise, health, and pleasure, every true sportsman who indulges in it makes it his endeavour to minimise the sufferings of his quarry, and will always give it a fair chance for its life. Contrast this with the everyday occurrence of a calf or a pig being taken to have its throat cut and bled to death with no possible chance of escape. My sympathy is stronger for these than for any hunted animal. Have those who decry the sport never eaten veal and ham pie?

I said before that the question is comparative, and I should

like to follow that up by saying that the sport of hunting compares very favourably with other sports from a humanitarian view. Take shooting; how many animals and birds in a day's shooting get away wounded, many to die a lingering death? Quite a considerable percentage. In hunting it is certain death or escape, and, though cases are known of hunted animals being picked up afterwards having died of exhaustion, these cases are exceptional. They never get away wounded, and their end when killed by hounds is as quick as it is certain. I imagine there are more things mortally wounded in a big day's covert shoot than any one pack of hounds kills in a season, and I venture to think that taking the country as a whole there are more wounded in one day's shooting than all the packs in the kingdom kill in a whole season.

I recall an incident when hunting in Lanarkshire which illustrates the often mistaken ideas of humanitarians. I had a beaten hare in front of me that took to the roads. I came to a cross road where hounds checked, and met a lady whom I asked if she had viewed my hare. She said yes, but she would rather not tell me where she had gone, as she looked on hunting as cruel. I told her I respected her feelings of humanity, and if I were of her opinion I would give up hunting. I asked her her views on shooting and whether she did not think it was cruel that so many things died from wounds. She replied, "No good sportsmen ever wound things, they always kill them dead." How many of us, I wonder, could under this definition claim to be good sportsmen?

An officer of that excellent Society the S.P.C.A. once met me returning home with hounds from hunting, and, noticing a lame hound, was going to run me in for cruelty. I told him if he could insure prevention of such cruelty I hoped he would come and stay with me for the winter.

Some people would have us believe that a hunted animal suffers agonies of mind (vide *Modern Society*, 18th February, 1899), and Somervile's *Chace* conveys that impression. This no one who has had much experience of hunting believes. Many of these animals spend their lives in a state of being hunted by others, dogs, cats, vermin, etc., and they are chiefly occupied in avoiding their natural enemies. Fright they may feel, as a hare will if put up by a person walking across a field, but their attempts at escape are their only thought, and they do not realise the penalty of being caught. I don't think they are at all distressed until they are dead beat, when the end generally comes quickly and surely.

Objection has been taken to certain terms used in hunting, such as "pulled her down," "ran into her," "rolled her over," "dead beat," "breaking her up," "blooding the hounds." The first three, critics may not know, simply imply catching the hare. "Dead beat"—this feeling is also experienced by any Eton boy in the School Steeplechase when he reaches the School Jump. The last two taking place after the death of the hare can scarcely be urged as cruel.

Do these humanitarians inveigh against poisoning rats, destroying wasps' nests, burning these insects alive, using fly-papers, or mouse-traps? Do they eat game, fish, meat, or have they ever tasted *foie gras* or lobster?

The Humanitarian Society claim to have accomplished the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds by appealing to Queen Victoria's tender feelings. I think there were other and more cogent reasons.

The late Provost, the late Head Master, the late Vice-Provost, the late Mr. R. S. de Havilland and others have been accused of brutality and callousness. All who knew them and who understand the subject resent such baseless attacks on men of kindly disposition and balanced judgment.

The *Spectator* says, "These Eton brutalities are condemned by the modern spirit of humaneness," and quotes the rules of the Founder as follows, "No scholar, fellow, chaplain, or other minister, or servant of the College, shall keep or have hunting dogs, nets for hunting, ferrets, falcons or hawks," urging that the Founder's intention was humanitarian. There is no doubt, however, that this was simply the reservation of sporting rights. A similar clause is common in leases to this day.

The arguments I have read or heard show a deplorable ignorance of the subject.

I have been asked to give my views on the date on which hare hunting should stop, and on the killing of heavy does, a subject made much of by an ephemeral called the *Beagler Boy*. In 1906, in consequence of correspondence between Mr. Fitzroy Stewart and the Head Master of Eton on the subject of the School Beagles, and which mainly referred to the date on which hare hunting should cease, the *County Gentleman* asked for the opinion of some of the leading masters of harriers and beagles on this point, three questions being asked, viz.:

1. Do you think it advisable to fix the date for the end of the hare-hunting season, and if so what date would you fix?

2. Do you subscribe to the opinion that a heavy hare has no scent?

3. Have you known in your experience heavy hares to be either run or chopped by hounds?

Among the replies sent was the following from Mr. George Race (of Road Farm, Biggleswade), than whom no one was more qualified to give an opinion, he having been M.H. for seventy years:

"Dear Sir,—In answer to your questions I can only tell you I do not consider it advisable to fix any date for discontinuing hare hunting; and for this reason. In the south of England hares get heavy two or three weeks earlier than they do in the north, and also in an extensive country well stocked with hares you can of course go on longer than in a small country not well stocked.

As to the second question I am quite sure that a heavy hare emits little or no scent.

As to your last question, I certainly have known heavy hares chopped by hounds and also run by hounds."

My own letter written from the High Peak country at that time was as follows, viz.:

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter and the special questions:

1. I am not certain that a fixed date for closing the hare-hunting season is advisable. There is no doubt that in some countries such as this hunting can be carried on a week or two later than in many others. If a date were fixed I agree that the middle (16th) of March would be the best date, all things considered, though it would not be early enough to obviate the occasional killing of heavy does.

2. No; but I am certain that a heavy hare has comparatively little scent.

3. Yes, of course, but owing to her carrying less scent and to her short running, a doe hare is seldom killed when heavy. I have been particular to observe when hunting in March for years past whether a heavy hare is often killed, and have found it not to be the case. I doubt if my hounds kill on an average more than one each season. This year a brace have been killed—one in February."

On the first point Beckford says, "It is a question which I know not how to answer, as it depends as well on the quantity of game that you have as on the country you hunt."

In conclusion, I think that without doubt, when looking back on the Great War, the country owes a deep debt of gratitude to all sports which tend to make a man manly (I am afraid I do not include such sports as coursing or pigeon shooting among them, as I am of opinion that woodcraft is a *sine qua non* to a manly sport). Of all sports hunting most engenders initiative, close observation, quick decision, and courage, qualities essential to all leaders in the several branches of the Forces of the Crown, and which were conspicuous during the late War in the cases of men who had been entered to hunting. The horses too were a great national asset in that crisis. There could be no better initial training for the hunting field than running with beagles. I can look back on five years as M.F.H. and twenty-two seasons with harriers, but my initiation was with the Eton beagles, and I did not follow them without learning many useful lessons in the noble art. I hope many future generations of Etonians will profit by them. I still have a hare's pad set up killed by them on 18th February, 1879. I have a warm feeling for the hare, and never quite like shooting one: she has afforded me much sport, much pleasure, and much benefit, and if I could forget the fox—and, of course, the hound and the horse—I could agree with Martial that

"Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus."

APPENDIX I.

LIST OF MASTERS AND WHIPS.

College Pack.

1857
R. H. Carter (Master)
J. A. Willis

1858
R. H. Carter (Master)
H. St. A. Goodrich
T. J. Huddleston

1859
R. H. Carter (Master)
H. St. A. Goodrich
H. M. Palmer

1860
T. J. Huddleston
T. J. P. Carter
E. E. Witt

1861
E. E. Witt (Master)
A. C. Custance
H. W. More-Molyneux

1862
E. E. Witt (Master)
H. W. More-Molyneux
C. R. Moore

1863
G. G. J. Thackeray (Master)
C. R. Moore
J. B. Wood

1864
R. H. J. L. B. Lewis (Master)
J. B. Wood
A. A. Wace
R. V. Somers-Smith

1865
A. J. Pound (Master)
R. V. Somers-Smith
A. G. Tindal

1866
A. J. Pound (Master)
F. E. Armitstead
G. Gosset

Oppidan Pack.

1858
N. E. Charrington (Master)
G. C. K. Johnstone

1859
N. E. Charrington (Master)
G. C. K. Johnstone
C. Tayleur

1860
R. E. Moore (Master)
H. O. L. Baker

1861
J. G. Chambers (Master)
J. H. A. Schneider
H. P. Senhouse

1862

W. T. Trench (Master)
Hon. F. G. Pelham
H. M. Meysey-Thompson

1863

Hon. F. G. Pelham (Master)
H. M. Meysey-Thompson
W. R. Griffiths

1864

H. M. Meysey-Thompson (Master)
A. Turnor
S. H. Sandbach

1865

C. S. Newton (Master)
R. F. Meysey-Thompson
E. Royds

1866

E. Royds (Master)
W. M. Milner
G. R. Sandbach

Amalgamated Hunt.

1867

W. C. Calvert (Master)
F. E. Armitstead, K.S.
Hon. H. P. C. S. Monck

1868

W. C. Calvert (Master)
F. E. Armitstead, K.S.
F. Johnstone

1869

F. Johnstone (Master)
W. M. Browne, K.S.
E. P. Rawnsley

1870

G. H. Longman (Master)
F. A. Currey
G. L. Wickham

1871

G. H. Longman (Master)
G. H. Armitstead, K.S.
Hon. H. C. Legge

1872

F. Fenwick (Master)
Hon. R. Parker
A. H. Charlesworth

1873

Hon. C. Harbord (Master)
W. A. Harford
V. W. Vickers

1874

W. A. Harford (Master)
Hon. E. W. Parker
L. H. Jones

1875

Hon. E. W. Parker (Master)
A. C. B. Mynors
J. B. T. Chevallier, K.S.
A. M. Wilson

1876

R. Hunt (Master)
J. B. T. Chevallier, K.S.
G. H. Portal
C. P. Selby-Bigge

1877

R. Hunt (Master)
G. H. Portal
E. K. Douglas
C. A. Fellowes

1878

E. K. Douglas (Master)
R. D. Anderson
A. Gosling
C. B. Harvey

1879

A. W. H. Beach (Master)
Hon. M. B. Hawke
Lord Eskdail
G. Streatfeild

1880

Hon. D. H. Lascelles (Master)
N. MacGregor
Hon. G. E. Milles
G. L. Holdsworth

1881

Hon. D. H. Lascelles (Master)
G. L. Holdsworth
Hon. A. E. Parker
J. Hargreaves

1882

Hon. A. E. Parker (Master)
J. Hargreaves
T. C. Toler
F. S. Maude

1883

Hon. A. E. Parker (Master)
J. Hargreaves
Lord Newtown-Butler
F. Douglas-Pennant

1884

Lord Newtown-Butler (Master)
F. Douglas-Pennant
B. G. H. Vernon
F. A. Soames

1885

T. H. Barnard (Master)
F. P. Barnett
Hon. G. H.-D.-Willoughby
C. M. F. Luttrell

1886

F. P. Barnett (Master)
Hon. G. H.-D.-Willoughby
C. M. F. Luttrell
Hon. C. Douglas-Pennant

1887

Hon. T. W. Brand (Master)
Lord C. Cavendish-Bentinck
E. G. Hills
W. H. L. Allgood

1888

W. S. Gosling (Master)
F. E. Goad
Hon. J. H. Ward
G. Fenwick

1889

Hon. J. H. Ward (Master)
M. B. Furse, K.S.
L. Caldecott
C. G. Dalgety

1890

Hon. R. A. Ward (Master)
V. Nickalls
E. Lee
A. H. Dickinson

1891

E. G. Campbell (Master)
E. Lee
Lord Brackley
F. W. Wignall

1892

A. M. Grenfell (Master)
F. Hargreaves
Hon. R. Ward
J. A. Morrison

1893

W. R. O. Kynaston (Master)
Hon. F. W. G. Egerton
R. S. Grenfell
J. V. Hermon

1894

H. Baker-Creswell (Master)
T. D. Pilkington
F. M. A. Atkinson-Clark
E. R. Davson

1895.

G. C. Sanford Hodgson (Master)
A. W. F. Baird
D. O. Dunlop
Hon. G. E. F. Ward

1896

Hon. G. E. F. Ward (Master)
C. M. Black
Hon. C. W. H. Cavendish
G. Robarts

1897

G. Robarts (Master)
A. D. Legard
J. J. Pawson
R. Lubbock, K.S.

1898

H. R. Milvain (Master)
W. H. Chapman
A. D. Pilkington
W. T. Hodgson

1899

F. O. Grenfell (Master)
R. N. Grenfell
E. B. Denison
H. K. Longman

1900

H. K. Longman (Master)
L. Heathcoat-Amory
Lord Dalmeny
G. Hargreaves

1901

R. G. H. Howard-Vyse (Master)
C. E. Lambert
J. S. Mellor
N. M. Wilson

1902

R. G. H. Howard-Vyse (Master)
N. M. Wilson
A. F. Lambert
J. H. Drake

1903

A. F. Lambert (Master)
C. R. H. Wiggin
K. I. Nicholl
St. J. M. Lambert

1903—1904

C. Romer Williams (Master)
A. R. Gilbey
N. W. Loder
Lord Maidstone } (3rd Whips)
P. M. N. Wroughton }

1904—1905

P. M. N. Wroughton (Master)
E. A. Lycett-Green
M. C. Albright
G. J. C. Browne

1905—1906

P. M. N. Wroughton (Master)
H. S. Loder
J. F. Montagu
G. Buxton

1906—1907

H. S. Loder (Master)
G. R. Wiggin
S. G. Menzies
G. Kekewich

1907—1908.

S. G. Menzies (Master)
G. Kekewich
G. H. Gilbey
I. A. Straker

1908—1909.

S. G. Menzies (Master)
F. W. M. Cornwallis
G. W. Barclay
R. F. Drake

1909—1910.

G. W. Barclay (Master)
R. F. Drake
W. S. Cornwallis
K. S. M. Gladstone

1910—1911

K. S. M. Gladstone (Master)
L. C. Gibbs
W. P. Browne
W. Holland-Hibbert } (3rd Whips)
J. C. R. Rawnsley }

1911—1912

L. C. Gibbs (Master)
W. P. Browne
G. K. Dunning
N. W. H. Gladstone, E. G. K. S. May (3rd Whips)

1912—1913

G. K. Dunning (Master)
N. W. H. Gladstone
H. A. St. George
R. E. F. Courage

1913—1914

C. C. H. Hilton Green, R. D. Crossman (Masters)
Lord Apsley
L. C. Nash
R. W. G. Dill

1914—1915

R. D. Crossman, G. G. Cox-Cox (Masters)
R. W. G. Dill, A. Knowles (1st Whips)
B. A. Wilson
P. H. G. H. S. Hartley

1915—1916

G. G. Cox-Cox, W. A. D. Eley (Masters)
G. Clapham
R. F. Goad
T. M. Nussey

1916—1917

R. F. Goad, H. K. M. Kindersley (Masters)
T. M. Nussey, J. A. Dewhurst (1st Whips)
S. A. Parker
Hon. E. V. Rhys

1917. Winter Half.

S. A. Parker (Master)
Hon. E. V. Rhys
P. G. Ward Jackson
Marquess of Worcester

1918—1919. No hunting.

1920. Easter Half.

F. M. G. Glyn (Master)
J. P. Dewhurst
C. H. S. Dixon
T. C. Barnett-Barker

1920—1921.

T. C. Barnett-Barker (Master)
J. M. Hopkinson
T. C. Gouldsmith
A. C. Crossley

APPENDIX II.

RECORD OF SPORT.

Amalgamated Hunt.

1867	
Hunting days	27
Hares killed	3
1868	
Hunting days	29
Hares killed	2
1869	
Hunting days	26
Hares killed	7
1870	
Hunting days	18
Hares killed	3
1871	
Hunting days	24
Hares killed	4
1872	
Hunting days	29
Hares killed	6
1873	
Hunting days	22
Hares killed	5
1874	
Hunting days	22
Hares killed	4
1875	
Hunting days	22
Hares killed	4
1876	
Hunting days	34
Hares killed	15
1877	
Hunting days	27
Hares killed	17
1878	
Hunting days	26
Hares killed	11
1879	
Hunting days	25
Hares killed	13
1880	
Hunting days	25
Hares killed	9
1881	
Hunting days	25
Hares killed	13
1882	
Hunting days	27
Hares killed	12
1883	
Hunting days	26
Hares killed	7
1884	
Hunting days	28
Hares killed	11

1885	
Hunting days	24
Hares killed	8
1886	
Hunting days	37
Hares killed	17
1887	
Hunting days	30
Hares killed	11
1888	
Hunting days	25
Hares killed	5
1889	
Hunting days	30
Hares killed	11
1890	
Hunting days	26
Hares killed	12
1891	
Hunting days	27
Hares killed	6
1892	
Hunting days	26
Hares killed	14
1893	
Hunting days	31
Hares killed	8
1894	
Hunting days	22
Hares killed	11
1895	
Hunting days	21
Hares killed	7
1896	
Hunting days	29
Hares killed	3
1897	
Hunting days	30
Hares killed	15
1898	
Hunting days	30
Hares killed	7
1899	
Hunting days	31
Hares killed	13
1900	
Hunting days	24
Hares killed	5
1900—1901	
Hunting days	28
Hares killed	5
1901—1902	
Hunting days	37
Hares killed	11
1903	
Hunting days	30
Hares killed	9
1903—1904	
Hunting days	42
Hares killed	25
1904—1905	
Hunting days	40
Hares killed	20
1905—1906	
Hunting days	48
Hares killed	22
1906—1907	
Hunting days	37
Hares killed	10
1907—1908	
Hunting days	42
Hares killed	24

1908—1909	
Hunting days	43
Hares killed	25

1909—1910	
Hunting days	36
Hares killed	19

1910—1911	
Hunting days	36
Hares killed	27

1911—1912	
Hunting days	43
Hares killed	28

1912—1913	
Hunting days	45
Hares killed	33

1913—1914	
Hunting days	49
Hares killed	*38

1914—1915	
Hunting days	31
Hares killed	22

1915—1916	
Hunting days	34
Hares killed	9

1916—1917	
Hunting days	31
Hares killed	12

1917. Winter Half.	
Hunting days	16
Hares killed	9

1918—1919. No hunting.

1920	
Hunting days	19
Hares killed	3

1920—1921	
Hunting days	49
Hares killed	36

* The record.

APPENDIX III.

LETTER FROM F. GRENFELL TO *Eton College Chronicle*, DEC. 1899.

THE existing arrangements for the keeping of the Eton beagles having proved extravagant and not altogether satisfactory, I now propose to try and form a plan which will in the future put the Hunt on a sound basis. The first step is to build our own kennels, and it is with much satisfaction I am able to state that the Governing Body see no objection to the plan, and have appointed the Building Committee to consider it. Should kennels be built, the E.C.H. will benefit in four ways:

(i) The kennels would belong exclusively to the College.
(ii) The kennel huntsman would be a College Servant.
(iii) A valuable pack might be got together.
(iv) All at a less expense than it has cost in the past.

In regard to No. (iii) there is much to be said, discussed, agreed to and disagreed from.

We will suppose that the E.C.H. be a beagle pack—as in years past it has been a beagle-harrier pack of all sizes. If it be a beagle pack, it must have no hounds over 16 inches, as 16 inches is the limit of a beagle. The pack should not be smaller than 15½ inches to 16 inches, as there are several reasons to object to in having smaller hounds.

1. The enormous field which turns out, numbering often 200 people, and a small, and therefore slow, pack is almost impossible, as some of the 200 would be overrunning the hounds all the time.

2. We only hunt for two or three hours in the afternoon.

3. The country that is hunted consists almost entirely of plough, which, of course, stops hounds to a great extent.

Perhaps the plan that W. B. H. proposes in *E.C.C.* of Nov. 17th could be brought into consideration: (1) "That the Master of the Beagles should summon a meeting of present and old Etonians interested in the subject (I think old Masters might be added to the list) to decide, now and for ever, upon a standard

height of the Eton Beagles." (2) "That the standard should be fixed with a view to showing as much sport to their followers as possible in the limited number of hours at their disposal." (3) "That the matter should be thoroughly thrashed out, and that it should not be in the power of succeeding Masters to change either the standard of height or type fixed for their benefit by their predecessors on due consideration.

Having disposed of all last year's pack I have bought an entirely new pack of hounds, 15½ inches and very level. Though some hounds are rather lacking in good looks, the pack in itself are a level lot, and very good workers. As we hope to have the new kennels, a very great improvement will be made, namely "walk" will be done away with. It is impossible to have a good pack, i.e. a pack that works well together, and several new hounds, drafts from other packs, bought, and for the remaining ten months are at walk, which in several cases means that a boy at the College takes them home, and gets his moneyworth out of them by hunting drags, rabbits and sometimes hares; and in other cases they are taken home, forgotten, neglected, and sent back in January, so as to hunt at once, in a most disgraceful condition. Can this pack, then, be expected to hunt when they are all collected as well as a pack kept and hunted from year to year, doing daily exercise in the summer, and good fifteen miles' road exercise three days a week in October, November and December, with, if possible, an occasional hunt in between?

And therefore a pack, 16 inches, having been hunted year by year together, and got fit and properly kept, will go far faster than a pack straying for 50 yards or so, with a hound 20 yards or so ahead of the rest, etc., of 18, 17, 16, 15 and 14 inch hounds. These heights are no exaggeration, one year there being two hounds 19½ and two 12 inches. And if "walk" continues, these heights must be varied like this, as it is impossible to get a level pack in January.

Now we will suppose that the hounds are kept in their kennels always throughout the summer; then the new Master can be with his hounds all the summer and good blood can be got in the pack by sending bitches to well-known beagle packs, and in time a very good strain could be got. All the puppies would be sent out to walk till they are twelve months old and fit to join the pack. I don't think there would be any difficulty in finding either boys or farmers to walk the puppies, and a small challenge cup could be given, as in other packs, for the hound best walked. Thus a good entry could be made, and the old hounds drafted. Of course, to get a good and well-bred pack would take about

twelve years; but we all hope at some future time or other to see the E.C.H. entered in the stud book, and to see the first prize at Peterborough won by a hound belonging to the E.C.H. There is no reason why all this should not take place, provided a good kennelman is kept, and the Master devotes heart and soul to his hounds, and is careful to get good fresh blood in the pack.

If all this be taken into consideration, I am sure you will find that as good sport is shown by the smaller and level pack, and as many hares killed.

Beckford says: "You will find nothing so essential to your sport as that your hounds should run well together; nor can this end be better attained than by confining yourself, as near as you can, to those of the same sort, viz. size and shape. A great excellence in a pack of hounds is the head they carry; and that pack be said to go the fastest that can run 10 miles with the fewest checks. As a good level pack at a check should spread like a rocket, what can be finer than a pack like the horses of the sun, 'all abreast'?"

I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Editor, for trespassing on your valuable space at such a length, but these are only suggestions on my part, and I hope the matter will be thoroughly sifted and discussed; and let us hope that some authority on the subject will put forth his views. Let your hounds be

"Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sonorum."

APPENDIX IV.

LETTER FROM A MASTER OF HOUNDS OF FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

Behaviour and Control of Field.

When a Master is hunting his own hounds it is very advisable to have either a joint Master, or a field Master, whose business it is to keep the field well away from huntsman and hounds when they come to a check. The field should remember that to press hounds at a check is most disastrous to sport, and they should keep well away and wait till hounds hit off the line, and certainly not follow the huntsman about when he is making a cast. In hare hunting this is most essential, as a hare will often run back on its own line or squat; if the field is walking about on the line it is impossible for hounds to pick it up. The huntsman should know to a few yards where the hounds last had the line, and the moment that he says "Hold hard" everyone should stop and stand perfectly still and not talk: the least thing will get hounds' heads up, and once up it takes time to get them down again. Another thing, never halloo a hare; if any one sees a hare, hold up his cap at the place where he has seen the hare; if the huntsman does not see him, go to the huntsman and tell him, 1st where the hare was seen, 2nd how long it had been gone, 3rd which direction it was going in; a minute lost in giving correct information will often save many minutes in getting hounds properly on the line.

APPENDIX V.

THE USE OF THE HORN.

By H. H. Howard-Vyse.

With beagles the horn should be used sparingly, and, except at a kill, for one purpose only, to call hounds to one. There is little more to be said except that the sound of the horn carries a very short distance, and that it should therefore be blown with all the strength that the huntsman's lungs permit. To call hounds to one when drawing or casting, a short blast is usually employed; to bring them on to the line of a viewed hare, the note should be a longer one causing more excitement; the same applies to the occasion of a kill; and, in calling hounds together at the end of the day, it is well to use a long-drawn-out note with a die-away tinge in it.

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